

J.R.
C.S.

Yours very sincerely
Henry Drummond.

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

AN EVENING WITH PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

IT is not always wise to search out the author behind the book, disillusion and disappointment too often lie that way. For the writer, with his eyes on immortality, puts so much of his virtue or learning into the printed page, that his immediate mortal need is not seldom forgotten. It was with this hazard in mind that I visited Professor Drummond. He had captured my affection on many sides. As the author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* I had admired his pioneer efforts to find an outlet, on the lines of natural law, from the desolating world of materialism into the enfranchising air of spiritualism. Again, in his practical efforts to find an outlet from the conventions of the Church into the ampler life of Christianity he had taken me by his courage and manliness.

Would the man fulfil the expectations formed from his writings? A typical Glasgow night of wind and rain gave a background of gloom to the question.

In the heartiness of his greeting, however, Professor Drummond at once gave check to my slight misgiving; and when he began to apologize, with humour, for the smoky chimney of his study, I was at ease. For the man who can accept a smoky chimney with cheerfulness is a triumph of grace.

When we were seated under the tall oaken bookcases, the Professor said:—

" You want me to tell the readers of THE YOUNG MAN about the Boys' Brigade? Well, where am I to begin? "

" Suppose you take the young man's point of view. Do you think it is a good form of work for a young fellow who wants to make the world a little brighter than it is? "

" The very best. It is so definite and practical. He doesn't need to ask whether he

believes this or that doctrine; and a crop of good results comes to hand almost at once."

" Any other good feature? "

" Well, it is human; very human and natural. It is natural for a young man to be among boys, and it is the most natural thing for a boy to accept a young man as his leader. The two things fit into each other; and you may take it that the success of the Boys' Brigade lies in the fact that it is thoroughly human and natural."

" Then how would a young man set about this work? "

" Very easily. And that is one of the best points of the movement. You know that a young fellow often feels that he would like to do a little bit of practical religious work. The trouble is, that he doesn't know how to begin himself, and he is shy about going to the authorities. The Boys' Brigade is his opportunity. He is a Volunteer, we shall suppose, with a knowledge of drill. Well, he goes in search of the boys himself,—picks them up anywhere. There is no difficulty in finding the boy who will attend a drill; if it were a Sunday school class, that might be different."

" And when he gets the lads together? "

" Then he arranges for the use of a hall upon a week-night, stands his recruits in a line, and begins to drill them. The old Sunday-school method of coaxing and lecturing the class into quietness and obedience has no place here. The boys take the business seriously from the start. They come into the hall *boys*, and the moment the company is formed they are *soldiers*."

" And they come back the next drill-night? "

" Yes. There is no difficulty. You have only to hint that you can supply them with the regulation cap and belt for a few pence,

and they will appear, bringing others with them."

"When I remember my own difficulties with the unruly, over-grown Sunday-school scholar, this seems a beautifully simple method of dealing with him."

"Yes, it is simple; and its simplicity has a philosophic basis. In the evolution of man the boy has only reached the military stage through which all our ancestors passed. He delights in display, and noise, and action. Well, this movement, called the Boys' Brigade, takes the barbaric tendencies of the boy and puts them to good use. He is developed along the line of least resistance."

"That is a new conception of the movement, is it not?"

The Professor smiled, as he replied:—

"Yes, I think it is new; but it is also perfectly true. Take this instance of the natural tendency of the boy. I had two little boys staying with me over the Christmas holidays, and I sent them down into the city with money in their pockets. Now, what do you think they brought back? A sword, a belt, a rifle and bayonet, and a box of soldiers! With these and a table they carried through a terrible campaign. One end of the table was Malta and the other end Gibraltar; and although the cavalry charged from the ramparts occasionally, what did it matter? To them it was the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, and they were perfectly happy."

"But don't you think," I ventured to hint, "that it is a mistake to develop this barbaric instinct? Is it not contrary to the Christian ideal of peace on earth and good will towards men to encourage the militant spirit?"

"That objection has been offered, certainly, but I don't think that it is a practical objection. For it is based upon a mistaken conception of the movement. The officials of the Boys' Brigade don't encourage the fighting instinct. They simply take the love of military organization and drill, which are natural to the boys, and turn them to higher uses. They take the old form, and put into it a new spirit."

"You stop at the drill and accoutrements?"

"Yes. We give the boy a cap, a belt, and a rifle, but these are merely adjuncts to the physical, moral, and religious outfit which he receives."

"Then you keep the religious character of the organization well to the front?"

"Certainly. You will find it stated in the constitution of the society that its objects are to advance Christ's Kingdom among boys, and promote habits of reverence, discipline, and all that tends towards true Christian manliness."

"And this religious instruction, how is it imparted?"

"Well, there is the week-night drill, where a short address is usually given, and the parade, opened and closed with prayer. Then each company, when it formally joins the Boys' Brigade, is affiliated to some local Christian institution,—a chapel, church, or Bible-class. But the most potent influences are the words and conduct of the Captain of each company."

"He endeavours to touch them at many points, I suppose?"

"Yes. He is their guide, philosopher, and friend in health or sickness, at play or drill. Take the case of play. He organizes gymnastics, or football, or cricket, and takes part in the games himself. If you go outside the city here towards Annieslie you will find two fields occupied on Saturday afternoons by football clubs connected with the Boys' Brigade. There, also, you will see the officers acting as umpires in the games. Now, just consider what that means. The whole tone of the sport is elevated, and in the little friendly tea-meetings which sometimes follow the game, the lads are brought into the friendliest relations with their officers."

"That is certainly a good method of getting at the lads."

"Yes, and simple. For nowadays, whenever you want to interest boys, you must have athletics. The love of sport enters into their lives more commandingly than any other interest. Now, the right thing is to take advantage of this desire and turn it to the best account."

"Then the Brigade tries to interest the lads during the week as well as on drill-nights and Sundays?"

"Yes, the officers of a company like to cover as much of the leisure time of their boys as possible."

"In what ways?"

"In various ways. Club rooms have been opened in connection with some companies, where the boys spend their evenings. Then there is the Ambulance Department. Lectures are given to the boys by medical men on giving aid to the wounded, and in what is called 'stretcher drill.' These lectures are really popular, and in most cases the pupils pass the final examination."

"But there won't be much need for an Ambulance Corps in a peaceful society?"

"There are no gun-shot wounds, of course," the Professor replied with a smile, "but on the football field there are sometimes accidents, and in one case the lads set a broken leg with such skill as to surprise the medical staff of the hospital."

"Any other popular feature?"

"Yes, I should have mentioned the instrumental bands. That is an excellent and popular feature. Many of the lads have a natural love of music, of course, and they are

easily induced to come to the band practice. I should think there are now over a hundred bands on the roll of the Brigade."

"Then I believe you do something to keep the boys together during the holiday season?"

"Yes, there are the Summer Camps at seaside or country places, and several companies make arrangements to spend the holidays together."

"Altogether, then, the boys are drawn to the Brigade in many ways which they like. By the way, I forgot to ask if there is any limit as to age?"

"There is a limit. Between twelve and

"And now, can you tell me the extent of this movement?"

"Well, it began here in Glasgow, of course; and it has spread to England, Ireland, America, Canada, India, Australia, and other countries."

"And its numbers?"

"Well, I can't give you the exact figures at the present time. A few weeks ago they stood at some 28,000 for the British Islands alone. You will get the statistics and any other information of that kind from the Brigade Secretary, 68, Bath Street, Glasgow."

"Numerically, Scotland still leads, I suppose?"



PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.

seventeen is the period during which the Brigade undertakes to deal with the boys."

"Then you turn a lad out of his company when he attains the age of seventeen? Isn't that rather hard?"

"The boys don't like it, certainly. But there was found to be a need for some limit."

"Rather a critical age at which to turn the lad adrift, is it not?"

"Yes. But I think the problem will solve itself in a natural way very soon. Already there is an 'Old Brigade' in connection with one of the Glasgow companies. It is composed of young fellows, some of them married, who have a strong desire to keep up old associations and friendships."

"Undoubtedly. But in England the movement has been very successful, and it would be taken up more widely if its methods and practical results were better known."

"And in America?"

"Yes, it has taken a firm hold in America. At first it was worked from San Francisco, but now its head-quarters are at Cincinnati."

"By the way, you were in America last year. You would see the movement under new conditions. How did the American organization strike you as compared with this country?"

"Well, for one thing, the American organization seems to attract a different class of

boys. I should say that the parents of the boys were well-to-do for the most part."

"And how did this seem to affect the Companies?"

"In dress and accoutrements, chiefly. The outfit was somewhat showy with brass, and feathers, and gloves."

"You saw a good deal of America's capacity for display at the Centennial Exhibition, I suppose? Did it strike you as cheap or tawdry?"

"Oh, no. On the contrary, the Exhibition was beautiful; perhaps the most beautiful series of buildings that the world has ever seen. One was surprised and delighted to find that everything was subordinated to beauty. Would you believe it?—I didn't see a single advertisement displayed in the grounds."

"This must have had a very fine educative influence?"

"Undoubtedly. But the education wasn't confined to things seen. There were the conferences. Every day there was a conference on some subject or other—from agricultural implements to religion."

"And the audiences?"

"The audiences varied, of course, in character and numbers. But the very best attendances were secured by the religious conferences. The hall was packed every day while they lasted, and the enthusiasm was great."

"And the Parliament of Religions—what did you think of it?"

* * * OUR Christmas Number will contain complete stories by Dr. Conan Doyle, Annie S. Swan, Gilbert Parker, Jane Barlow, H. D. Lowry, and Mary Dickens, besides a poem by Mr. Norman Gale, and articles by the Countess of Aberdeen, Dr. Stalker, etc.

The Thing That Hath Been; or a Young Man's Mistakes (Longmans, 6s.) is a capital story by Mr. A. H. Gilkes, Master of Dulwich College. Mr. Gilkes has a wide and thorough knowledge of the life of young men.

MESSRS. BLACKIE send us several volumes of their admirable "School and Home Library." The selected stories from "Our Village," by Mary Russell Mitford, deserve a very large circulation.

AN admirable book for holiday reading is *The Way They Loved at Grimpat*, a collection of Village Idylls, by Mrs. Esler. It has already achieved great success (London : Sampson Low).

ANOTHER work which has made its mark is *A Book of Strange Sins*, by Coulson Kernahan (Ward, Lock & Co.). Some of the chapters show remarkable power and intensity. There is a curious fascination about Mr. Kernahan's writ-

"Well, the Parliament has had a good deal of fun poked at it in this country—quite unfairly and unnecessarily, I think. It had its uses."

"You would see a good deal of the religious life of America. How did it strike you?"

"It is rather a wide subject to put into a sentence. I can say this, however—that there is plenty of vigorous religious life in the States. But there is a tendency, a strong tendency, to surround it with too much machinery. The Americans have a great capacity for organization, and everything tends to run into committees and sub-committees, conferences and congresses."

At this point in the conversation we were joined by a student friend of the Professor's, and the talk slanted off into personal matters. One could hear that the Professor was in vivid personal sympathy with young men in all their interests. A bright vivacity, indeed, is one of his characteristics. He can give you a wide seat beside his fire to lounge in, but he himself sits upright, with head thrown back, a forthright glance, and a ready twinkle of humour. When a well-known public man was mentioned, the Professor struck in with :

"Isn't he dull? isn't he dry? isn't he despairingly judicious? Wouldn't you like to pinch him, make him squeal? The man is a kind of monster; he is not human."

No such treatment is required to waken up Professor Drummond. He is soundly, sanely, and sympathetically human.

HAMISH HENDRY.

ings, and thoughtful young men will be greatly interested in this daring and realistic book.

HAPPINESS may fly away, pleasures pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind; but the power to serve God never fails, and the love of Him is never rejected.

—FROUDE.

THAT hasty word, that word of pride and scorn, flung from my lips in casual company, produces a momentary depression; and that is all. No, it is not all. It deepened that man's disgust at godliness; and it sharpened the edge of that man's sarcasm; and it shamed that half-converted one out of his penitent misgivings; and it produced an influence, slight but eternal, on the destiny of an immortal life. Oh, it is a terrible power that I have—this power of influence; and it clings to me, I cannot shake it off. It is born with me; it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. It speaks, it walks, it moves; it is powerful in every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life. I cannot live to myself.

—W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

MY FIRST SERMON.

VII.—By SILAS K. HOCKING.

THE story of my first sermon takes me back to what seems to me now the great turning-point of my life—a veritable parting of the ways, where the future I had pictured for myself—and which at that time was full of hope and promise,—was abandoned, and a new course entered upon, which looked dark and uncertain enough then, and which filled me with fear and misgiving.

I was barely eighteen, with an untamed imagination, and a passionate desire to see the world and life, and win for myself "a position," though what the position was I desired to win was never clearly defined. I was simply restless with the restlessness of youth; impatient at the slow march of years (ah, me! they have marched too swiftly since); eager to get into the fray; panting to take my place among those who were doing something, and who strove with promise of success.

Life in the country was slow and uneventful. The days and weeks brought no change. All the great centres of industry were far away. The highways of success did not seem to lie among our Cornish hills. So I pined for a fuller and busier life, and spent many useless hours in dreaming dreams that brought no recompense of peace.

I have often wondered whether I was different from other lads in this respect: whether my strongly imaginative temperament made me more than ordinarily restless, or whether all lads are torn with the same passion and strife. In our big cities the conditions of childhood and youth are so different. The crowd jostles the children from the first; the continuous roar of traffic and the ceaseless tramp of feet are never unfamiliar sounds. Only the silence is strange to them; and solitude is unknown.

But in the lonely Cornish valley, in which I first saw the light, and where I spent the uneventful years of my childhood and youth, silence always brooded, save when the Atlantic Ocean roared after stormy nights. The howling of the wind through our valley I did not mind. Indeed, I rather liked it; it was so rollicksome and boisterous. But when the storm died down into silence, we could hear all the more distinctly the low, deep thunder of the sea as it beat foaming against our granite cliffs.

To me the sound was inexpressibly solemn, and filled me with a strange awe that amounted almost to pain. I was always glad when the wind got up again, for that was companionable and friendly. At the end of our house grew several tall pines, and on windy nights I would

lie awake for hours listening to the wind singing through the pine needles; now rising into a clear treble, and now dying down to the faintest whisper; and even to-day, in my recollections of the past, nothing comes back more frequently than the low, sweet music of the pines.

But what has all this to do with my first sermon? Not much, it may be, and yet perhaps more than appears on the surface. These quiet, uneventful years were not wasted. I learnt much from books; but I think now that Nature taught me more. My teachers complimented me occasionally on my success, and some of the prizes I won at school were sources of great gratification. Yet all the while, without knowing it, I was learning lessons of far greater importance than any I learnt at school. Influences touched me amid the deep solitude of our valleys that have remained with me ever since, and voices spoke to me out of the silence the echoes of which abide with me till this day.

In long rambles with my father over the hills and through the woods and fields we discussed all manner of subjects. He was a well-informed man, with a distinctly logical mind, quick to follow the thread of an argument, and merciless in exposing a fallacy; and yet, withal, the saintliest man I have ever known. I know now that I did not value those hours with him as I ought, nor guess how, all unconsciously, he was training me for the work of my life.

Rambles without number I took alone, and in the quiet of the woods and dells recited aloud poems and plays, with abundance of gesture and attitude; and so grew familiar with the sound of my voice, which I discovered later was a point gained of no small importance. So, without knowing how, with no distinct motive, and with no special training for the work, I grew to be a preacher. It seemed to come about naturally enough. There was no feeling of surprise in my own mind, or, as far as I could judge, in the minds of others, when I made the attempt. In our village chapels, most of the services were conducted by "local preachers." The "Itinerants" only visited us occasionally; and on the whole we seemed to get along very well without them.

First attempts were always interesting events. We would walk miles to hear a raw youth preach his first sermon: and when I preached mine the chapel was full. Before this, I had made two short speeches. The first was a temperance address, which I walked four miles on a dark and stormy night to deliver, and which occupied in delivery just seven minutes. It seemed a long

speech on paper; for I had written it out carefully, and by dint of many rehearsings down by the river side had faithfully committed it to memory. But so rapid was my utterance that it nearly took the people's breath away (it took mine away quite), and brought me to the peroration when I ought only to have been just getting under weigh.

My second attempt was at a school anniversary meeting, nearer home. I spent several weeks in the preparation of my little speech, and when I read over the final draft I was more than satisfied with it. It contained several quite astonishing flights of rhetoric. All the periods were well rounded, and there was at least one very touching anecdote in it. I still think that that speech would have been a success but for one circumstance. I had only just got out the words "Mr. Chairman" when I espied my father sitting behind the door. This so confused me that for the moment I could think of nothing but the anecdote, into the recital of which I plunged at once. That anecdote saved me; but giving it at the start completely upset the arrangement of my speech. Order and sequence after that, there were none. I didn't break down; I did my best to keep cool. I even got in a joke, the point of which, however, nobody seemed to see; I said two-thirds of the things I meant to say, but not in the order I had arranged. And after five and a half minutes of intense agony sat down, feeling as though I had been boiled.

Dear old father. He never knew the awful confusion he caused me; for I could not tell him. Moreover, the day came when—in my occasional visits to the old home,—nothing gave me so much pleasure as to see him sitting by mother's side in the little village chapel, while I tried to preach the gospel of the love of God. His beaming face and kindling eyes always gave me courage, and I knew too that, of all my critics, he would be the most kind.

My poor attempts at speech-making brought me an endless amount of chaff from my schoolfellows, for at the time I was studying hard for the profession I had adopted, but which in the providence of God I was destined never to pursue. But while my schoolfellows chaffed me most unmercifully, the chapel folk talked the matter over with serious faces, and at length approached me on the subject:—"I ought to preach. I had the talking gift. I was young, no doubt, but I should get better of that; besides, nothing would please my father and mother so much. And then, was I not a scholar?" I smile even now when I think of the delicate *naïveté* with which they paid me that small compliment.

The proposal seemed natural enough. I was young and ardent, and eager to be doing something. True, I knew nothing about Homiletics,

—I fear I know little more to-day,—nothing about creeds and theological systems. I knew the Bible fairly well, and had taught a Sunday-school class; but, beyond that, I had nothing to fall back upon: not even an experience. My devotional reading had been confined mainly to "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Baxter's Saints' Rest," and "Wesley's Hymns." But I was prepared to make the attempt, nevertheless. I did not see the incongruity of taking for my first text the words "It is finished"; I only saw that it furnished me with a glorious theme the climax of which was Calvary. The pulpit seemed terribly high when I climbed into it; and when at length I glanced around I knew every face. They had come from all the country side: farmers and their wives, miners, claymen, shopkeepers, with a full proportion of "boys and maidens"; all curious, and more or less critical. I knew only too well how my little bantling of a sermon would be discussed, in the village smithy, in the clay-works, in the fields, in the "backs" and "cuddies" underground, for days and perhaps weeks after; and I got terribly nervous. But the worst was yet to come. I got through what is termed the "preliminaries" without much difficulty, and then I announced my text, "It is finished." Twice I read out the words, and then a grey mist came up before my face and blotted out everything. I seemed to be standing alone in empty space. Sight, speech, hearing completely left me. I felt in a vague way the fatal fitness of my text; I made a movement to sit down, and then everything came back to me like a flash. Hundreds of eager eyes were looking into mine. The people whom I knew and had known all my life were waiting for me to speak. And I began.

I have no record of the sermon. I don't think it had any divisions. It was a simple attempt to tell the story of the love of God in the gift of Jesus Christ. I remember I warmed with my theme, and was moved to tears myself by the story I told. My Cornish blood caught fire, as we say, and the contagion became general, and when, at the close, we sang—

Oh, let me kiss His bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears—
there were many who could not see their hymn-books for the mist that was before their eyes. I have never regretted that my first sermon was an attempt to tell the story of the Cross. I have been trying to tell the same story ever since. The gospel of God's love is the great panacea for the world's suffering and sin, and to preach that gospel in its tenderness and simplicity, in its many-sidedness and universal adaptability, has been my one ambition, and my supremest joy.

That sermon, as I hinted at the outset, was the great turning-point of my life. I had an offer to

go abroad: to pursue my profession under the most favourable conditions, and with the prospect of more than average success. At the same time came an urgent call to offer myself for the ministry. The struggle was a severe one. I hated priesthood; I shrank from belonging to a separate caste, marked off from the rest of mankind by a white necktie. I had no love for the title "Reverend." And in these respects I have not changed, save that my antipathy has grown stronger with passing years. To be a

man amongst men, to be—not a priest, but a prophet, speaking out of the fulness of the heart the message God might give me, fettered by no conventionalisms, trammelled by no shibboleths, influenced by no individual's smile or frown,—that has been my desire. In how far I have succeeded, or to what extent I have failed, is not for me to judge. I can only say that I have never regretted giving myself to the work of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

THE IDEALS OF YOUTH.

BY THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

IV.—THE ARTIST.

It is not of the artist technically I would speak—of the one who paints, or moulds, or carves with the chisel. The skill to do these things stands related to the artistic spirit itself, much as education stands to observation and intelligence. Life and intelligence go before learning, and the artistic faculty must precede artistic skill, and all men have this in one degree or other. I would use the word artist, then, in its widest sense—as one who loves the beautiful, whose eye is always open for it, and who seeks and sees it everywhere: the one who would

Give to barrows, trays, and pans
Grace and glimmer of romance—

quite as readily and fittingly as he would give it to silent seas, or snowy Alps, standing like lone sentinels by the gates of God.

It is an old question—whether beauty is in the object or in the observer. It is not easy to decide. All men, savage or civilized, seem to recognise the grace of the curve—whether it be a line, a stream, a bending branch, or a drooping flower. On the other hand, there are ten thousand things about which we differ as widely as the poles. Let every man be persuaded in his own mind as to the philosophy of the matter; this at least holds true with all—we can see only according to what we bring with us to the vision. The man who is an architect, but an architect only, in the heart of old Rome will see nothing but so many curious ruins: the historian, however, will see these ruins thronged again with the retinues of vanished Caesars, or the stately processions of aged senators. Thousands looked on the furze and scrub of Putney heath, and saw little to invite a second gaze: the greatest of botanists fell there on his knees, and thanked God for having made anything so beautiful. He brought to the gorse what he saw in the gorse.

Show me what you admire, and I will show

you what you are. You can't hide, try as you may. The thing that pleases you, that you love and strive for, is a mirror cunningly arranged to reveal the true soul within you. The greedy, grasping, selfish man never dreams dreams or sees visions: life is all prose to him, and he is glad of it. Its song, its sentiment, the bushes which burn with fire, and the aspirations which descend upon us, white-winged and pure—these are not for him, but only for the generous, the free-hearted and the loving.

Seeing this is so, if we are wise we shall cultivate and regulate the imagination. Never be fooled out of this for all that the Gradgrind school may say. Where do we look for the brightest and sunniest faces? Amongst children, —those who can sit on the hearth and see in the glowing fire angels, and armies in the gardens where golden fruits are growing. No man is happier for losing this creative gift. We are all born near the gates of Eden, and catch glimpses, through loop-holes, of the glory within, but as we wander from the gates the world grows drearier, greyer, colder, and we call this experience, and say:—How much wiser we are now than when we were children! Wiser? Perhaps. But happier? No, not happier!—we were at our best when we were nearest the gates.

Test the practical worth of imagination in another direction,—its humanising and uplifting power. The backwoodsman's surroundings are squalid enough at the first. If they remain so the man will become but a savage, better or worse disguised. But one day, looking on his shanty, a sort of dream comes over him, and he plants a few creepers to twine over the gable, just to hide the coarseness of the rough timber. We know what the end of that will be: summer after summer another and another thing of beauty will be added, the man will grow more and more refined;

he will be strong as ever, as brave, as self-reliant, but he will also be gentler, kinder, more considerate: he has ideas now, and the ideas have all a fringe of something better, and better still. Are they the creepers that have done this, the flowers, or the gaudy pictures? No; it is the imagination of the man which has begun to feel its way along these things in order to realize the fairer dream that is within him.

How we run into ruts with our philanthropies! We give tracts to the poor, and bread, and coal, and flannel (and God knows they need them all, and we give little enough), but who ever thinks of giving them a flower to tend, a picture to look at, or an ornament to adorn; something that by its very presence shall be always saying, "Come up higher"? Man cannot live by bread alone, or coal, or tracts, or flannel; he needs a dream, a hope, a vision to help him to take heart to help himself.

What sways the nations? Is it not this creative power? "Where no vision is, the people perish." It is not the legislator, but the poet, the artist, the man who can reach the heart and hold a noble ideal before it, who rules the nation.

Cultivate the heart, then, and all the better imaginings of it. Bring the beautiful, the true, and the noble to the world, and the world and all that's in it will have truth and grandeur and beauty for you. "When I have been reading Homer," one said, "all men look like giants." It is true; but true too is the opposite. There are books and people, scenes and songs of which we have to say, "We are never for long with these, but all men seem dwarfs and pygmies,

with nothing noble or heroic about them." By this, then, we may test the true worth of our associates or surroundings. How does the world look after we have been with them? Greyer, duller, less mystery of romance and beauty than before? Have we less faith in man? less love for a flower or a little child? less patience with the dull, the erring, and mistaken? less desire to pray and strive after the better ideals we once had? Then 'tis certain, whatever we think we are gaining we are losing still more. We are losing, in fact, our life.

For they are its visions, dreams, and hopes, that make life life. Let these be tainted or besmirched, and there is no renewing of them. Something of brightness goes away, and never, never returns. Our better imaginings are the radiant witnesses to the true greatness of the soul, and to our immortality. As the spark leaps upward to the source of all light, every noble thought and heroic impulse makes for God. He is called "the beautiful God," and all that is beautiful goes to the preparing of the soul for Him.

Keep your heart, then, with all diligence, and keep it for all that is beautiful. Make much of the little ornament, the flower, the crystals of snowflake, the play of light and shadow. Keep the child's heart in you, with the child's trust and grand open vision. The word is true, true—with a meaning that deepens on us year by year—that except we become as little children we cannot see the kingdom of God. It is all around us, but only the child's heart can discern it. All things are beautiful to love, patience, and hope.

honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—RUSKIN.

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

GIRT with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.
'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, and rod;
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

—BONAR.

I KNOW a captain of the Salvation Army, an outdoor porter earning less than a pound a week at my country station, who has more spirituality in his little finger than many a church dignitary in his whole body. To watch his face when he is talking of his conversion, quite apart from what he may be saying (which, indeed, only differs from your own feelings in its terminology), is a church festival, an apocalypse, an apparition of the divine in this dusty workaday world.—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself

THE THIRD MAN.

THE three men were huddled together under the bulwarks in disreputable promiscuity. By about four o'clock in the morning steam would be got up, and the *Vulture* would go out on the top of the tide, questing her way over waters waste and desolate enough to the landsman, but as familiar to the seaman as Fleet Street is to the Londoner. It was a clear night, with a high scud moving slowly in thin luminous streamers, in and out among the stars. London Pool lay like a black burnished mirror powdered with points of light, reflections of the stars, of yellow flames upon the bridge and at the wharfs, of red fires hung out at the bows of silent vessels. The high masts of the crowded shipping made a lace-work of intricate design against the sky, of mingled boldness and delicacy. Far off a dog barked, an oar splashed, a chain rattled hoarsely in the straining of the tide, the faint hum of London, never wholly hushed even at midnight, came upon the ear like a sound of wind among the leaves. Stillness weighed upon the air, the suspended stillness of a vast city, which is far more impressive than the silence of the sea or of the desert.

"Yes, mon," said the Scotchman. "I had a faarm. I drunk it all away. I drunk my faarm up, and I went to sea. But it's a dog's life, mon. I tell ye it's a dog's life!"

He waved a brawny arm in appeal to a starry jury, who took no notice of him. Whenever he was very drunk he grew eloquent about his farm. At other times he preserved a steady taciturnity.

At the sound of his voice the Welshman woke up, and looked round him with blinking eyes. He pushed back the rough mane of black hair from his forehead, and uttered an oath.

"Shut up, you an' your farm," he cried. "'Ere we are any way on as rotten a tub as ever sailed. Mates," he continued, with the comic gravity of the drunken man, "this 'ere ship's bound to get lost. She'll go to the bottom and you'll all get drowned, and I shall crawl out on to a desert island, so you'll know where I am! I shall be all right, and they'll have to send a beastly gun-boat out to rescue me. An' arst questions about me in Parliament, very like."

He chuckled grimly, and looked round for applause; but his mates were as indifferent as the stars.

The Third Man had not moved. He was manifestly of a different type to the others, gaunt and spare, with high shoulders and narrow face. He was quite sober, and looked at the other two with a cold smile.

There was a nip in the air, although it was early June, and as the men stirred they became conscious of it. They moved to their feet, and the

Scotchman again began the story of his farm. Suddenly both men appealed to the third, who had not spoken.

"Mon, but it's a dog's life," began the Scotchman once more. "Tell us, mon, why did ye join the sea? Why, in heaven's name, should a dacent mon become a poor sailor, who is not a mon at all, but juist a creature to be kicked round the wide world to keep the feet of rich men warrm? That's what I would like to ken fine."

"Very well," said the Third Man quietly. "There's an hour yet, and nothing better to be done. Sit down and I'll tell ye my story, and maybe give ye a tune at the end of it."

"A chune will ye give us? That's fine, but where now will ye get the chune from? Though maybe ye know that better than us."

"Here's where the tune'll come from," said the Third Man. He drew a small green baize bag out of the shadow of the bulwarks, and untying it, produced a violin and bow. "We'll take the sermon first an' the tune after, mates. That's proper, you know."

"Tis most improper," said the Scot. "There shall not be an instrooment of music after any sermon that is preached whatever in Argyll." Drink and a hard life had in nowise blunted his taste for argument. He could have recited his Shorter Catechism there and then, and driven home every point. He would probably have done so had not the Welshman interfered and pushed him back upon the coil of rope where he had been sitting. Curiosity also modified at this juncture his taste for dialectics. The loneliness of a sailor's life makes two things essential luxuries to him: a pipe and a yarn. The two men lit their pipes, and for a moment there was no sound except the bubbling of the smoke in the foul stems.

Then the Third Man, who was not smoking, began.

"There was a man that lived a long while ago, who bore my name, and was known everywhere as Jack Romford; but he was altogether so different a fellow from me that I sometimes wonder whether we are really the same."

"Oh, stow that gab, let's have the story," cried the Welshman.

"You'll have it soon enough, and it'll be interesting enough before it ends," he answered quietly.

"Vera true," said the Scot. "The mon that drunk that bit faarm in Argyll was na' me at all. Any way, God help me, I'm not him any more."

"Just so," said the Third Man. "Now this Jack Romford was a clever sort of fellow, and could do lots of things that made people praise

him. His father had not much money, but he thought Jack so clever that he pinched and scraped to send him to college. Maybe you've never heard of a university, mates?"

"Deed, but we've got fowur in Scotland," said the Scot.

"An' maybe will have one in Wales on the back end of Doomsday," growled the Welshman. "My father managed a mine once, an' was as good as yours any day."

"Well, Jack Romford went to college, and for the first year did as well as one could wish. Then things happened, and he never did any more good in this world, and never will."

"It came about in this way. One night, after a hard day's work, he found that he could not sleep. For the first hour or so this didn't trouble him much. The nights were short, and he lit a candle and began to read. About four o'clock the day broke, and as it seemed a foolish thing to lie there doing nothing, he got up and went out for a bathe.

The bathing place was in a river, a still pool with high banks, and he dived off as he had done scores of times before. What happened he did not know; he might have struck himself, or after the night's sleeplessness the shock might have been too great: at all events, when he came to the surface he was conscious of a sharp, stinging pain at the back of his head. He struggled to the bank and sat down in the morning sunshine to think. But no sooner did he begin, or try to begin, than he found that thoughts would not come. It was exactly as if some little tooth in the cogwheel of a clock had been broken off, and the other wheels buzzed round for a moment, and then stopped dead.

He looked helplessly at his foot as it glittered with drops of water in the sunlight, but for the life of him he did not know by what word to call it. He saw tall grey buildings beyond the green of the meadows, and knew in a vague way that it was a town, but the name of it escaped him, although he knew that he lived there. All the time he was not unconscious, but vividly conscious. He could feel the pain scorching along the nerves at the base of the skull; he saw the water, and the trees, and the grey town, and knew that in some way he belonged to them. But he could not tell in what way. It was just as if he stood outside his body and saw it sitting there as something that was foreign to him, except that he felt that blaze of pain withering up the nerves at the back of his head.

He laughed aloud, and in the same moment looked round to see who had laughed, for he did not know it was himself. His only sensation was one of imbecile freedom; he seemed to be floating away on a white cloud, making mocking mouths at the world beneath him, and the fire

in his nerves was the liquid sunshine of morning running through him.

"Then, suddenly, he came to himself. He felt shaken and ill, and dressed quickly, and went back to his rooms. No sooner did he get there than he sent for brandy. He had never tasted spirits in his life, but now they seemed like nectar. A flood of delicious ease rushed through him, the pain instantly left him, he fell asleep and slept till noonday.

The next day he felt quite well again, and did his work with his usual ease. For a week nothing more happened, and then just as he was in the middle of a hard problem in mathematics, his mind once more became a blank. He lost all knowledge of words and terms. He began to laugh quietly, then louder, till the room rang again. He had the sensation of again floating away through the heavens, only this time it was through a sea of bluish thunder clouds, on which all sorts of mathematic forms, angles, and triangles, and all the rest of it, were drawn in lines of lightning. At the same moment the terrible pain began again, as though the lightning had a million fiery fingers busy in tattooing a pattern on the back of his neck. This time he had consciousness enough left to know the remedy for his misery. He staggered to a cupboard, poured out a tumblerful of brandy, and drank it at a gulp. In five minutes the pain left him, and in ten he was sleeping like a child.

From this time Jack Romford began to drink with purpose and regularity. It would not be correct to say that he was a drunkard, for he was never drunk. When the clock stopped, he used brandy to make it go again; that was all. He saw, however, that a college career was no longer possible. He went home and took a small farm near his father's house. At the end of two years the pain entirely left him, and the life in the open air gave a tone to his system which made him forget the horrible sensations of the past. Towards the end of these two years he drank very little, and latterly not at all. He believed himself cured."

The pipes of the two men bubbled in the stillness, the water bubbled at the vessel's bows.

"There's a power of good in good speerit," said the Scot meditatively. "Though whisky's better nor brandy. Mony's the day when it's warmed me, till I've forgot all aboot the wind and the wet."

The Welshman grunted, and relit his pipe, which had gone out. His Celtic imagination was stirred.

"Go on with the story, mate," he said. "'Tis better than a tune on a wheezy fiddle."

"The tune 'll come all in good time," said the Third Man. "You'll find it's necessary to the sermon."

"At the end of these two years things had gone so well with Jack Romford that he got married. There was a girl he had loved ever since he was a boy; her name was Alice. She was tall and fair, with clear grey eyes, the clearest and coldest I ever saw. Clear I knew they were; I did not know how cold they could be till afterward. You see I'm Jack Romford, mates.

"It wasn't easy work to win her. There was another fellow who wanted her, who had known her as long as I. He did all he could, naturally, to spoil my chance, for he was a mean beast. He nearly succeeded, too. He found out that I drank brandy, and told Alice that I had left college because I got drunk. He said that men had heard me roaring drunk in my rooms—of course no one had ever seen me. I hesitated a long time what to do at this point. I had a great mind to tell Alice everything, but I feared that if I did she would be set

against marrying me. Besides, I thought I was all right. In the two years I had been farmer, the horrible thing had only seized on me three or four times. It had not lasted long on either occasion, and the pain had been less violent. When a man's in love he takes the best view of himself he can. At all events he doesn't take the worst one. I honestly believed that I had lived the horror down. When Alice asked me one day if I was an abstainer, I boldly said that I was quite prepared to be one if she would marry me. I meant it, too. She was very strong on that point, and I knew it was my only chance.

"'If I thought I could trust you,' she said, looking me through with her clear eyes.

"'You can,' I said. 'I'd give up more than that to win you. Do I look like a man who drinks?' I asked,—for I knew what the mean beast had been telling her. I knew, too, that I



"IT CHANGED TO 'AULD LANG SYNE.' 'FOR GOD'S SAKE,
NOT THAT, MON,' SAID THE SCOT."

looked as fresh and well as a man could. Two years in the open air had done wonders for me.

"The end of it was we were married. For about six months we were the happiest people alive. Looking back now, I have sometimes wondered whether Alice really loved me; but there, mates, there are some things in women no man will ever understand. I said that she had wonderfully clear eyes, still and quiet like a pool at low tide, and I got to be very fond of their clearness. A little afraid, too. Those eyes used to question me sometimes in a way I didn't like. She was very proud of me because I had been to college—you see, nobody else in our parts had. I fancy that touch of pride had a good deal to do in inducing her to marry me. Sometimes she asked me all about college, and I told her as much as I could. When I had done, she would look at me gravely and steadily for a

moment, as if expecting something else which was not told. She was very fond of books and music, especially music. At nights when she was in a happy mood, and the wind was roaring round the old house, she would get out her violin and play, and I used to accompany her on the piano. She had some curious notions about music. She said that when a man played the violin, it was his soul that played. He showed his soul without knowing it; and if it was a bad soul, the music was like a cry of pain and wrong; and if it was a good soul, the notes rose clear and sweet like the song of a thrush. It was when a man was playing music, she said, that the real expression of what he was came into his face, and his soul came up silently and looked out of his eyes. Somehow, I always felt stung by this sort of talk. You see, I had something to conceal. In a way it impressed me, too. When Alice played the violin, I often looked into her eyes, and it was then I felt how cold they were. Quiet as a pool, and as cold too, and the soul that looked out like a strange water-creature with no warm human blood in its veins. For a moment or so I fancied this, but the next I saw only a fresh, fair face, soft as a peach, and told myself I was a fool."

"Ay, mon, but it's juist true," said the Scot. "When they play the reels, I've seen juist that thing in the eyes of the pipers—something looking out that wasna' canny; savage and fearful it was. 'Tis fair amazin'."

"Well, let me get done," said the Third Man, with a touch of impatience. He passed his hand over his face, and his voice took a curious note of passion. It seemed far off, too, as though he spoke in a dream; and the Scot felt an uneasy thrill of superstition run through him. "The mon's fey," he muttered.

"You may guess what's coming. We had been married nearly a year, and there was going to be a child soon. One night I came home very late, after a hard day of worry. There was some law business about the lease, and I had had an angry time of it with the agent. It was close on midnight when I got home, and Alice had gone to bed. The fire had burned low, and the house was very still. I had hardly taken off my boots and sat down, when in an instant the horror came upon me. It was as though some tremendous hand began to tighten up all the nerves at the back of my head, as you'd tighten a violin string. There was a bill about a sale of cattle lying on the table, but I could not read a word of it. I steadied myself a moment, and made a great effort, but the words had absolutely no sense for me. Then they began to move up and down the table, and the various letters detached themselves like dancers in a dance. They whirled round and round me, and I must have got up

and danced wildly in my stocking feet. I seemed to be dancing on an immense seashore, only the sea was of flame instead of water. The shore also burned, and little spurts of fire shot up wherever my feet touched. All the time the pain went on, and the tremendous hand screwed the nerve-strings tighter and tighter. Suddenly I found myself laughing quietly, with my hand upon the cupboard. I caught the suggestion instantly. I had hidden a bottle of brandy there months before, in case I should want it. I found it, and drank a full tumbler and a half. Instantly the pain began to ebb. I felt it running out of me as a liquid might pour out of a cask, and counted the moments for the last drop. In the same moment I was conscious of a faint smell of burning. I must have trod on some of the red-hot embers which had been raked into the hearth in my mad dance. But if the whole house had been in flames, it would not have troubled me. I was absorbed in the one delicious joy of feeling the pain run out of me. A deep peace was stealing through my veins. I staggered to the couch, and in an instant was asleep, with the empty tumbler still grasped in my hands.

"How long I slept I don't know; it may have been minutes, it may have been hours. When I woke, the lamp was still burning, and the air was stifling with the smell of singed wool. I woke to see Alice standing beside me.

"She said nothing; she only stood quite still, with her hands clasped before her. Her face was very pale, her eyes very clear and cold. I rose to my feet and tried to take her hands. She instantly moved away. I believe I laughed: my brain had not yet recovered its functions. When I once began to laugh, I could not stop myself; yet I was bitterly conscious all the time that I would have given the world to tell her in sober, pitiful earnest what was really the matter with me. I even fell upon my knees before her, and tried to kiss her hands, but I was laughing all the time. She moved slowly away to the door, not saying a word, only looking at me with those clear grey eyes, from which the tears were gently falling. I noticed even then, with a sort of stupid wonder, that her eyes were as clear as ever, even while she wept, and that the tears seemed to fall out of the lower eyelid in such a way that the eye was not dimmed. She left the room and closed the door behind her. I did not attempt to follow her, I was too exhausted. I had no sooner reached the couch again than I was fast asleep, and this time I slept for hours.

"It was broad day when I woke, and my brain was quite clear. The first thing I noticed was a strange man standing at the fire with his back to me. He turned round as I stirred, and I saw that he was the doctor. He was an old man, and his face was grave and troubled.

"We have been waiting for you to wake up," he said sternly. "Are you quite right now? Because, if you are, you may see her."

"See who?" I cried.

"Your wife, Mr. Romford. An hour later would be too late. God help you!"

"Mates, I can't tell you the rest. I went upstairs without a word, knowing pretty well what waited me there. Alice was dying. There was a tiny little bundle beside her, from which came a weak cry like that of a new-born lamb. I took her hands now, but they were cold—so cold. Her face was white and pinched, and her lips half open, sucking in the breath with difficulty, in long, slow sighs. 'Alice, Alice, dear wife, let me explain,' I cried. But she was long past all earthly explanations. Once only she opened her eyes with a puzzled look, and gazed at me steadily. She lifted her hand slightly, and I bent my head. She turned her mouth to me to be kissed, just like a little child. Then I saw something in her eyes that frightened me—that old clear look, that cold, judging soul, and I stepped back behind the curtain. I knew she was dying; and I wanted her to die without remembering what had happened in the night. I knew that she was thinking of that day when she promised to marry me, when she put up her mouth in just that same pretty, childish way to be kissed. I wanted her to die with no bitterer memory in her thoughts."

The Third Man rose to his feet. The faint light of the June morning was just reddening the east. It fell upon his face.

"This was her violin," he said. He drew it out of the green baize bag, and began to make long, soft, wailing notes upon it. The music gradually fell into the rhythm of the *Men of Harlech*, and the Welshman stood up at that, listening like a man spell-bound. It changed to *Auld Lang Syne*. "For God's sake, not that, mon," said the Scot, drawing his hand over his eyes. All three men stood now staring into the rosy dawn. The notes of the music floated over the

quiet river, and the dog on the hay-barge, who had been silent for the last hour, began to bark again, and then to howl in canine commiseration. Then the music changed to *Home, Sweet Home*. It was strangely thrilling in that silence of the dawn. The tall, gaunt figure of the Third Man, touched by that rosy fire of dawn, his long arm moving slowly over the strings, looked uncanny enough, as the Scot had said. "Eh, but the mon's fey," he repeated, in an awed whisper.

The music stopped with a startling suddenness.

"I never made those explanations," said the Third Man, with that curious smile of his. "As you say, a sailor's life is a dog's life. I've always intended to go home when I'd had enough of it, and make that little explanation to my wife. There wasn't any time that morning when she—she—I think I'll go home to Alice now, and tell her all about it."

"Talk sense, mon," said the Scot. "Sure, but I believe ye're clean daft. By all accounts the woman is in her grave years ago; an' how can ye go to her? The woman's deid!"

"Of course she is; that's what I meant," said the Third Man. "But I think I'll go home to her all the same."

The Third Man quietly put the violin and bow back again into the green baize bag.

"Home, sweet home, there's no pla-ace like 'ome," sung out the voice of the boy upon the barge, who wanted to show that he was awake, and knew what the violin had been saying.

"Just so," said the Third Man. "Who'd be a poor sailor, to be kicked round the world to keep the feet of rich men warm? Eh, mon, but it's a dog's life!" he added, with a nod of the head to the Scot.

The next moment there was a splash in the rose-red river, and two men with wild eyes stood staring over the bulwarks.

The Third Man had gone to make his explanations.

W. J. DAWSON.

"THE Perils of City Life" is the title of a very interesting and useful article by the Rev. A. Rowland in *The Home Messenger* for August. This number is fully and brightly illustrated, and there are contributions by Mr. Silas K. Hocking, Dr. Parker, Rev. J. Reid Howatt, etc.

The Young Woman for August is full of bright reading for the holidays. Dr. Gordon Stables writes on "Sea Bathing," Mrs. Hillyard contributes a paper on "Lawn Tennis," Miss Friederichs has a delightful article on "Traveling as a Fine Art," and there is an illustrated interview with Sir B. W. Richardson on "Cycling

for Girls." The stories are by Miss Mabel Quiller Couch (sister of "Q.") and Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Billington continues her articles on "How can I earn my Living?" and Mr. Dawson writes on Mrs. Carlyle. The whole number is well illustrated, and the full-page frontispiece, "On the River," is an unusually fine piece of work. (Partridge & Co., 3d.)

Two brethren of the cloth were on an icy sidewalk, when one slipped and fell. "Ah, my brother," said the erect parson, "the wicked stand on slippery places." "I see they do, but I can't," replied the fallen D.D.—bruised but bright.

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

I SUPPOSE that J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* is on almost every bookshelf throughout the civilized world. Its compendious knowledge, the charm of its style, the writer's quick eye for character, and his fine discrimination between important and unimportant events; the poetry, the pathos, the graphic power, the conscientious research;—so many qualities so "cunningly" combined have possibly never before been met with in an English chronicler. The author passed like a meteor through the literary world. He rose in obscurity, sickened before he had time to make anything like a circle or create a *personal public*—that dangerous log-rolling element in modern literature which so often corrupts criticism, cheapens merit, and worships mediocrity. His health withdrew him from the world before his famous book appeared; and death laid him low, at Mentone, before his last proof-sheets were dry.

I suppose from about the year 1863 to 1870 Green had no more intimate friend, and for at least the first three years, no more constant companion than myself. It is the period before his marriage, the period of Green the East-End curate—Green, the Incumbent of St. Philip's, Stepney, now so nobly presided over by my friend, the Rev. Sydney Vatcher. I was myself, at that time, in my first curacy, at St. Peter's, Bethnal Green. Well I remember those early—those happy—days in the East-End slums. I can recall the very sunlight as it fell along the dingy, dusty, odoriferous alleys, the squalid children dancing to the organ man, the ragged poor of all sorts, decent and otherwise, at whose doors I was not an unwelcome visitor. I never found Bethnal Green dismal or dreary; it was to me, just returned from the Garibaldian war, a *terra incognita*, not to say a new battle-field, full of adventure and even romance—full of the surprises of an undiscovered country. Both Green and I loved the people, and we had the happiness to have our love returned. Our aristocracy was the local baker, grocer, linen-draper, publican, and taxgatherer; our masses were costers, small clerks, and factory girls. But we had large schools, penny readings, tea meetings, summer excursions; and before we left, under two years, full churches; and we enjoyed ourselves, and were edified and hopeful; and things moved and developed amidst many trials, failures, and disappointments. I have now, on my mantelpiece, the clock presented to me by the poor people of the district of St. Peter's, Bethnal Green. It was chiefly subscribed for in pennies and sixpences unknown to me. I was then very sanguine

about reforming the Church and the world, and "getting hold" of the masses. About twenty minutes' walk from me, in an adjacent parish (Holy Trinity, Hoxton), there was, in 1862, unknown to me, a similarly sanguine and far more able man, engaged in much the same sort of work, under very similar conditions. This is how we first met.

One night I had invited my friend, the Rev. Henry Geary, afterwards of St. Thomas, Portman Square (lately dead), to assist me at a schoolroom "tea and talk" of my mixed citizens. After tea we had a kind of informal debate. I invited him to speak. He said: "Haweis, here is a better man. I have brought him over from Holy Trinity, Hoxton. Let me introduce him to you. 'Green,' said he, turning to a small, insignificant-looking little man, with screwed-up eyes, a satirical yet not ill-natured smile, a tall forehead and straight but somewhat depressed nose; 'Green, let me introduce you to Haweis: he wants you to speak a piece—'"

"What about?" says Green.

"Oh!" I said, "it would be so good of you—just listen to that fellow talking rot against opening theatres for preaching on Sunday. He's the local linen-draper; I have put him up to attack the system—it's a debate, you know. I want you to answer him. I am always prating. I want them to have a change."

"All right," says Green, without the least hesitation.

When he got on the platform, I soon began to listen.

In five minutes I made up my mind that I was in the presence of one of the most remarkable men, certainly one of the most gifted speakers, I had ever met.

With an almost negligent facility, but perfect finish and force of language, Green met, one by one, the objections to clergymen of the Established Church preaching in theatres; and kindled into real eloquence as he alluded to Paul preaching on Mars Hill, and even in a theatre. He wound up by proclaiming, with a touch of true passion, all places equally sacred to one who was filled with the Master's spirit, and was about the Master's work.

From that night, Green and I became close, I had almost said inseparable, friends. When he did not walk over to Bethnal Green, I walked over to Hoxton. Even then he was suffering from threatened pleurisy, but he weathered it, and we often joined forces, he lecturing and preaching for me and I for him; and many experiences we discussed, and many plans we hatched. Our few other sympathetic

associates in parish matters at a get-at-able distance were Brooke Lambert, John Oakley (the late Dean of Manchester); later on F. D. Maurice, Dean Stanley, and Archbishop Tait became our warm friends, guides, and supporters. I think the Archbishop at one time thought we were related to one another. He spoke of us and seemed to couple us together; he seldom saw Green without asking after me, and he always asked after Green when he saw me.

As Bishop of London, Dr. Tait received us both into the ministry. We were neither of us good candidates, but he was very kind to both of us from the first, and had quite a special affection and admiration for Green, whom he appointed hon. librarian at Lambeth; and although Green hardly ever went near the place, Tait sent him a £50 honorarium, at a time when he certainly wanted it, which very much surprised and touched my friend, and he went down the very next Saturday to Lambeth, and made himself busy with the books and MSS., showing the Archbishop's guests anything of interest that he could think of—"But," he said, "you know, old boy, knocking about with those sort of fashionable dilettante folk isn't in my line, and I shall tell the Archbishop I ain't worth the money, and I shall throw it up," which I believe he did very soon afterwards.

Of course we neither of us agreed with Dr. Tait either Bishop or Archbishop—we thought his opinions were generally wrong, his tact and management generally right—but we loved, honoured, and obeyed him for all that. To us he was invariably kind; indeed, he was a sort of official father to us, and gave Green St. Philip's, Stepney. I obtained Crown Pre-ferment in my third year, and at a time when I was much criticised on account of my first books of sermons, *Thoughts for the Times* and *Speech in Season*. Tait, both as Bishop and afterwards Archbishop, occupied my pulpit at St. James, Marylebone, twice. Curiously enough, Dr. Temple, now Bishop of London (then Head-master), did the same. Tait officiated for and visited Green at Stepney in the same friendly manner. He usually referred to us, however, with a certain grim little smile. He remarked to a friend not long before his death that the episcopal examinations failed somehow to test the qualifications of candidates for Holy Orders, since he called to mind that "two of the strongest horses in his London diocese (Green and myself) had certainly passed two of the worst examinations." The fact is, I knew my Bible, but was weak in my Greek verbs; Green knew his Greek verbs, but was not strong in the Bible. I believe, too, that our interest in the Thirty-nine Articles and the Athanasian Creed was discovered by the examining chaplain to be lukewarm—a point which was submitted to Tait, but which he refused to take any notice

of. Geary was the prize-boy, and whilst we subsided into obscurity amongst the mass of candidates, Henry Geary was trotted out at Whitehall at the ordination service to read the Gospel for the day.

In the later days, when my friend wintered at Mentone, he saw a good deal of the Archbishop, who also was there. Green writes to me in his most characteristic vein:—

"It is a great and inspiring spectacle to see me in black tie, wide-awake, brown coat and pepper-and-salt inexpressibles, walking by the side of the Lord Primate. My object is to convert him to Neology, in which case, there being no provision made for a heretic Archbishop, the Church of England will be in a hole!

"He can't issue a commission to inquire into his own errors, or sit on himself in the Arches Court, or send himself up to be sat upon by himself at the Privy Council; consequently everybody will do as seems good in their own eyes."

At that time Green had ceased to engage in clerical work, and shortly afterwards he availed himself of the new law, and resigned his orders altogether, devoting the short remainder of his life to historical work. Although I have many charming letters from him, yet it is not the letter period, but the conversation period that I set most store by, especially as that earlier time deals with a phase of John Richard Green's life entirely unknown to the general public, and unsuspected even by many of his friends.

When the cholera was raging in the East End of London, I had already left for a West-End curacy, but I returned to Stepney, and re-engaged myself as a curate there; and as Green's parish adjoined the one I was working in, I saw him again daily. He was devoted and indefatigable. We used to go into the London Hospital together in the morning, and rub the blackened limbs of the cholera patients, which seemed to give them relief. This was before massage was fashionable, and the experience first attracted my attention to therapeutic mesmerism. Those piteous wards even now rise vividly before me. I shall never forget that terrible time—the stiffened bodies, so hastily covered; the poor little children sitting up, three and four in a large bed, moaning in the early stages of seizure, and not knowing what ailed them; the long rows of the dying and the dead. Green was perfectly fearless, and kept his head level, and stood to his guns when, I regret to say, many of the East-End clergy found it convenient to go out of town for change of air. In those days it was difficult to carry out the sanitary measures which enabled Green and his Poor Law Guardians to stamp the cholera out of street after street in his district.

This hand-to-hand fight with death was to me a most exciting spectacle. To get the

dead away—to burn the cholera rags and beds—required the utmost vigilance, determination, and promptitude. It was almost impossible to get adequate help, but Green went about with me and we did it ourselves, and in those days it was not an uncommon thing to meet Green walking between two loose women of the town, entering house after house, and with their own hands getting the dead out and the rooms deodorized. Green often referred to the noble self-sacrifice of these poor outcast girls, who rallied round their pastor when many respectable folk hung back. He said he could always rely upon them in an emergency for such dangerous work.

I remember one night sleeping at the Vicarage at St. Philip's, Stepney. My window looked out on the great square of the London Hospital opposite. I woke suddenly, deep in the night. The room seemed in a blaze; I rushed to the window. The flames rose high, and filled the quadrangle, lighting up the hospital with a lurid glare. Piles and piles of cholera beds and rags were being burned in vast bonfires. I can see now the black shadows of the men through the smoke and flame, piling on the lethal fuel!

I have more pleasant memories of those times.

Green was emphatically a talker, but he never talked down or choked people, unless they happened to be fools, and then his method was rather a sort of "closure"—a sudden turn of the tables, which left them speechless, if not breathless; and before they could recover, the incisive and rapid little debater was off to some subject which every one felt to be more interesting and important than the quibble or dogmatism of his discomfited adversary, who was suddenly left out in the cold.

Green had three talking moods. His usual flippant mood, which was very much toned down as he lost health and spirits. No one, under the fire of his habitual light badinage and satire, could guess what manner of man he really was.

He undoubtedly laboured under a certain constraint and nervousness with new people, and adopted a trivial manner—rather to conceal and protect himself. He at all times disliked, or thought he disliked, general society, and would break appointments ruthlessly. Once when I had asked him to come and meet Russell Lowell at an "At Home," he never turned up, and I was really angry, and Mr. Lowell was much disappointed. Robert Browning, *per contra*, that same day, came, as he told me, at great inconvenience to himself; but there certainly was a touch of irresponsibility about Green in social matters—he was too apt to think that what he felt disinclined for in small things did not matter.

Then there was the discursive Green, a delightful Green—who would care to interrupt such a man in such a mood? He would start off at a tangent, and ramble on for an hour about the Venetian Republic, the Doges, the Banking System in Tuscany, the Art, the politics, the social life of mediæval Italy, till the whole life of the period stood out before the listener as vividly as the Plantagenet or Puritan Period in his own graphic *Short History*. It seemed to matter little to that omnivorous mind where you tapped history—the first century, the Augustan age, French History, the worrying Hohenzollern period, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, Spain,—whatever came up, he was off on score like a salmon with a fly in its mouth, and we gave him reel. But he could listen well, too. I remember, not long before Carlyle died, J. R. Green went down to see him. "Well," I said to him, "what did you say to the sage of Chelsea?" "Say?" says Green, "precious little, I can tell you. I held my tongue—one doesn't get a chance of hearing the Nestor of history hold forth every day. He had seen my book, and was polite enough to praise; but I kept silence, and he thought it worth while to talk to me. So I listened. I never heard anything so remarkable and impressive: he fell into a sort of monologue of universal history; the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them seemed to pass before the eye of the prophet of history. At last he settled down to the making of England, and with a masterly hand sketched the salient features,—the amalgamation of races, the evolution of liberty, the struggle for representative government. I could not help feeling, old fellow," he added, with a little touch of conscious pride, "that it was something like a solemn charge or deliverance on the part of the historian who was passing away to the historian of a younger generation."

I think by this time Green had accepted the high position as an historian which every one of any importance freely accorded him before he died. So Green could listen as well as talk.

But to me his most fascinating and *intime* mood was the "give-and-take," the mood of free, earnest, electric interchange,—moments when there seemed to be no veils over thought. He would walk over to tea with me at St. Peter's, Stepney; we would talk far into the night, perhaps perambulating the Victoria Park. About midnight I would sally forth to accompany him back to St. Philip's. Reaching there about half-past twelve, he would turn back, and we would find ourselves, as the morning dawned, perhaps in the lonely, deserted Mile End Road, still revolving Religious Philosophy, social or personal problems. On such occasions I have often turned into his

vicarage at three and four, and after regaling ourselves on cold tea and cold rice pudding, cast myself on his sofa for a few hours' sleep, without undressing.

It was in these walks and talks that we proposed to reform the world, planned the re-organization of our parishes and society generally. What happy confidence! what ignorance! but what life and joyous energy!

I remember well when Green first unfolded to me his idea of a book on English History. From boyhood he had dreamed of it. At Oxford he had interested Professor Stubbs, Freeman, and Dr. Stanley in his youthful speculations.

One night he said to me, "I don't want to bore you, old fellow, but I should like to read you a few pages of my Plantagenet book. It is Stephen's ride to York. I wonder whether it is really worth much, or whether I shall ever write a book that will be read." He then read me that brilliant fragment now incorporated with the *Short History*. From time to time he read me his MSS., and talked wondrously on the Plantagenet Period, which he had made especially his own. He did not at first mean to write anything but the story of the Plantagenets, and the period in which he said the elements of our English people and our English constitution came together. He thought he could do this in about three volumes. But coming across Mr. Macmillan, the publisher, he was persuaded to take a wider sweep, which resulted in the matchless little book—the *Short History*. We owe this entirely to Macmillan. Its cheapness we owe entirely to Green himself. The publisher wanted a much more expensive book, but Green insisted upon keeping down the price, and the result justified his resolve.

In a very short time 80,000 copies were disposed of. It was a little annuity to him as long as he lived, and its sale has been steady ever since.

It would be very easy for me to write a whole book about Green—his relation and my relation to the Broad Church party, which for about three years absorbed us both; our intimacy with F. D. Maurice and the Dean of Westminster, both of whom were so kind to both of us.

On the Voysey case (after the adverse decision restricting our liberty) he wrote to me, "Thanks for your letter. I was glad to find we were so much at one about the main features of the case. You will not stand alone in your passive resistance." And later he writes to me, "Might not the leading clergy meet and draw up a clear and succinct declaration of their belief on the three points in question in the Voysey case (*i.e.*, the Atonement, Justification, and Biblical Criticism), and take steps by a friendly suit, or otherwise,

for a more deliberate and final decision than could be arrived at from the peculiar statements and position of Voysey."

I at once saw Green's suggestion to be impossible; the strength and weakness of the Liberal clergy, I have always maintained, lay just in this, that they did not aspire to be one more party in the Church—they aspired to leaven all parties, they stood for candour, freedom all round, and chiefly for the historical interpretation and critical understanding of creeds and formularies; but in detail they never have, and never will, agree. I told Green that the only thing to do after the Voysey judgment, restricting so perniciously the liberty of the clergy, was for individuals of the Broad Church party to express individual opinion and take individual action. Apparently this was Mr. Green's ultimate conclusion.

His action was quietly to withdraw into his study and congratulate himself upon being "*out of it*," as he said.

Mr. Stopford Brooke in due time "seceded." I have never quite understood where or exactly to what.

The Dean of Westminster (Stanley) lectured on subscription.

I expressed a little later before the clergy at Sion College, in the *Contemporary Review*, and afterwards in my book the *Broad Church*, my determination to teach openly what I believed in the Church of England, leaving the Administration to deal with me as it thought fit. I have done so unopposed in perfect peace for nearly thirty years under three Bishops of London (with all of whom I have been on very friendly terms) from one of the Crown pulpits. (My church of St. James, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, is in the gift of the Crown.) The Rev. Llewellyn Davies, Canon Oakley and others showed the general disunion in the Liberal camp by repudiating my views and Brooke's and Voysey's. In view of all these astonishing and contradictory expressions of "liberal opinions," the bewildered Administration, which had tackled Voysey and even Mackonochie with some spirit, fled in despair, and for a season at least hid its diminished head. Long may it rest from its labours!

Mr. Green's letters from abroad, where he spent the last two or three winters of his life, were always suggestive and picturesque, and often very amusing.

After witnessing a great Catholic function at Milan Cathedral, he writes: "Is not all this pageantry a very queer result of those twelve fishing gentlemen of Galilee? I wonder whether this was precisely the result at which they aimed when they left their nets. If it was, don't you think they had better have gone on fishing? What a very odd world it would have been if they had! You wouldn't have had any pew rents, and my god-child"

(*Lionel Haweis, my eldest son*) "would have been a penniless *orfin*."

Here is a charming fragment in the best style of the *Short History*, a description of Wells and its cathedral: "That little lane of brown houses running by the grey minster, from whose front a hundred saints and kings look quietly down on the quietest little close in the world—all plumped down, too, in a cup-like little nest beneath Mendip, a nest of soft, sloping meadows all covered with buttercups, with but one break southward, where one looks over the dim Glastonbury flats, and sees the tower-crowned tor rising above the ruins of the grey abbey." I sometimes used to complain a little of the long descriptions of scenery from Mentone or Capræ, and tell him to write more about himself. After an unusually picturesque letter from Mentone, which drew forth a gentle reproof from me, he wrote, "It is the land of oil, and I thought a few spots of it gave local colour to my letter. But I am accustomed to ingratitudo, and I forbear. What does Herbert Spencer mean

by 'extension under limit'? Would a ticket-of-leave man be an instance? You can't think what a worry it is to have had no education."

But I must pause. My poor friend tried Capræ, Egypt, all in vain. He came back to England; I went down to see him at Kensington Square. He had my proof-sheets for *Good Words, Footsteps in Rome*, before him, but I had no heart to discuss them with him. He was very ill—saw too many people, as I thought; his cough was very troublesome, the thin face had a hectic spot on either cheek, the eyes were bright and piercing as ever, but the vivacity was a little forced.

"I'm not fit for much more, old fellow! It's all U.P. with me now," he said, as we parted. Those were the last words he ever spoke to me. He left soon after that for Mentone, where he died. He is buried on the slope of the hill outside the town in the Campo Santo.

To have known such a man is a liberal education; to have loved him is one of my happiest privileges; to have lost him so prematurely, one of the greatest sorrows of my life.

PROGRAMME OF OUR HOLIDAY CONFERENCE.

THE following is the complete programme of our great Summer Gathering at Grindelwald. The cost of a second-class return ticket (by Dover, Calais, and Paris), seven days' first-class hotel accommodation at Grindelwald and three days at Lucerne, is ten guineas. Parties are leaving London every Tuesday and Friday. Many of our parties are already full, and others are rapidly filling up. All particulars can be obtained of Mr. F. A. Atkins, 2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.

SATURDAY, AUG. 11th—Concert and Social Reception.
Songs by Miss EDITH TULLOCH, Mr. J. F. HORNCastle, Miss HELEN SAUNDERS, etc. Recitals by Miss DORA TULLOCH.

SUNDAY, AUG. 12th—Preacher, Rev. W. J. DAWSON.
MONDAY, AUG. 13th—Inaugural Address by Sir W. RICHARDSON, on "How to Make the Most of Life."

TUESDAY, AUG. 14th—Lecture on "Browning," by Rev. W. J. DAWSON.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15th—Concert and Social Reception. The Misses EDITH and DORA TULLOCH, Miss HELEN SAUNDERS, and Mr. J. F. HORNCastle.

THURSDAY, AUG. 16th—Lecture by Mr. EDWARD WHYMPER.

FRIDAY, AUG. 17th—Lecture on "The Achievements of Christianity," by Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

SATURDAY, AUG. 18th—Concert and Social Reception. The Misses EDITH and DORA TULLOCH, Miss HELEN SAUNDERS, and Mr. J. F. HORNCastle.

SUNDAY, AUG. 19th—Morning Preacher, Rev. Dr. LUNN; Evening Preacher, Rev. C. A. BERRY.

MONDAY, AUG. 20th—Paper by Miss FRIEDERICHS (of the *Westminster Gazette*) on "My Experiences as a Lady Journalist."

TUESDAY, AUG. 21st—Lecture on "The Glaciers of Switzerland," by Prof. CARUS WILSON.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 22nd—Four o'clock, Special Afternoon Gathering in connection with the Young

People's Society of Christian Endeavour. Chairman : Rev. C. A. BERRY. Speakers : Rev. KNIGHT CHAPLIN, Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, etc. 8.30, Concert and Social Reception. The Misses EDITH and DORA TULLOCH, Miss HELEN SAUNDERS, and Mr. J. F. HORNCastle.

THURSDAY, AUG. 23rd—Lecture by Mr. EDWARD WHYMPER.

FRIDAY, AUG. 24th—Lecture on "Typical People: Good, Bad, and Indifferent," by Rev. C. A. BERRY.

SATURDAY, AUG. 25th—Concert and Social Reception. The Quartette from St. Paul's Cathedral will sing on August 25th and 29th, and September 1st and 5th. Mrs. MARY DAVIES will also sing at some of these Concerts.

SUNDAY, AUG. 26th—Preacher : Rev. C. A. BERRY.

MONDAY, AUG. 27th—Lecture on "Interviewing and Interviewers," by Mr. HARRY HQW, of the *Strand Magazine*.

TUESDAY, AUG. 28th—"A Talk about Books," by Mr. EDMUND GOSSE.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29th—Concert and Social Reception.

THURSDAY, AUG. 30th—Lecture by Mr. EDWARD WHYMPER.

FRIDAY, AUG. 31st—Lecture on "America and the Americans," by Mrs. FENWICK MILLER.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1st—Concert and Social Reception.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 2nd—Preacher : Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

MONDAY, SEPT. 3rd—Lecture on "The Great Ice Age," by Sir ROBERT BALL.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 4th—Lecture on "Patriotism," by Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5th—Concert and Social Reception.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 6th—Lecture. (To be announced later.)

FRIDAY, SEPT. 7th—Lecture on "The Ancient History of the Moon," by Sir ROBERT BALL.

IN SEARCH OF TRUTH.

BY THE REV. R. E. WELSH, M.A.

IV.—DOES IT MATTER WHAT A MAN BELIEVES?

THERE are good men of all beliefs and of no belief; good Romanists like Manning, and good Agnostics such as Darwin, good Calvinists like Chalmers, and good Unitarians such as Channing. Are we not, then, driven to the conclusion that it matters little what a man's beliefs are, if only he be sincere?

This at least appears to be indisputable, that there is an element uniting human spirits which is much more subtle and radical than the intellectual creeds which they profess. The essence of a man's *spirit* does not always distil itself fully into stated beliefs.

i. But does the questioner mean by a man's beliefs his sets of opinions, or his spiritual perceptions of truth? Many respectable people have sets of opinions much as they have sets of standard works shelved within glass-fronted book-cases that are seldom opened. For their library purposes it matters little whether they possess Kinglake and Motley, or Froude and Macaulay. After the same fashion one set of religious views might do as well as another. If our beliefs are conventional or procured wholesale, it certainly does not matter so very much what we believe.

But suppose that I have a small and choice selection of volumes on my shelves; that I have purchased them with my hard-earned money at the cost of protracted labour, and that they bear the imprint of close study. Suppose that I have set them there because I have found them true to my own thoughts and answering to my own experiences, and that I prize them for what they are to me. Then it does matter, and matter enormously, of what sort they are. Zola will not do as well as Browning, nor Schopenhauer as well as Ruskin. The character of my favourites will be both an index to the inherent tastes and qualities by which I was drawn to them, and a measure of the influences which have been shaping my mind and heart for better or for worse.

If I believe, not as I believe in Stanley's map of Central Africa, knowing nothing to the contrary, but as I believe in the map of Japan, because I have traversed its highways and seen the cone of Fuji-san from many of its bays and sea-boards; if I believe in spiritual realities because I have burnt my brain hot and worn my heart weary in striving to perceive them and test them in my own life, if they are *convictions* and not mere sets of "views" or library opinions, then they cannot fail to tell upon me in every fibre of my character and line of my life. In such a case it does matter not a little what a man believes.

Savonarola said that "a man only believes that which he practises." I doubt it. For there are men morally not unlike the recent hero of a London spectacle, whose face looked one way while his feet pointed the other way! Yet it is true that in the strictest sense of believing we really believe very little—only what we have penetrated with our own spirit's sight and taken into our own life. Perhaps the altar of our traditional faith has been rudely thrown to earth by ruthless hands, and we have been able only through protracted struggles to erect a smaller, simpler one; but better far the simpler faith, because it is our own. It is more certain to sway our wills and electrify our energies than whole catechisms accepted without a qualm. It is in this sense that "there lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds."

"But if a man be sincere—" Then his sincerity is the hammer that drives his belief home, and the stronger the sincerity the deeper will the practical point of the belief penetrate into his life and conduct. If he is sincere only in the sense that he good-naturedly means well, and neither wilfully warps his judgment nor perverts his spiritual sense, yet lives in bovine freedom from thought, the effect may be inappreciable. But if his sincerity contains the concentrated energy of his will and conscience and heart, it is the very engine which gives living effect to his beliefs, for good or ill, according as the moral quality of them is good or ill, or is mingled good and ill.

A man may be a sincere polygamist—as a Mormon or Mohammedan—but his sincerity will not prevent the practice of polygamy from ending in an unhappy harvest of results. Sincerity in the Romanist may make him a persecutor in very virtue of his beliefs. Sincerity in the Pessimist may induce him to end the thousand heart-aches with a bare bodkin. Sincerity is part of the very force by which beliefs of different moral quality produce their proper effects. It matters more what a man believes if he is sincere than if he is insincere. The Supreme Judge, in disentangling the myriad threads of man's composite character, will, we are sure, give full value to sincerity of mind. Yet our eyes tell us that sincerity cannot cancel the native productiveness of truth or of error.

There are men who are better than their creed, as there are others who are worse than their creed. But why? Perhaps because they have never really incorporated their creed in their blood and spirit of life, and

have kept it confined to their "thought-box." Perhaps because they possess, as the gift of heredity, either a finely-tempered constitution or taints of blood, and nature's endowment has not yet been overbalanced by their faith. Perhaps their environment, either the moral atmosphere of Christian surroundings, or the polluted air of unhappy conditions, has charged their life with elements which do not belong to their creed. My previous paper on "Good Sceptics and Bad Christians," points to one of the factors that must be considered in answering this question.

"But if a man *does right*, how can it matter what his beliefs are?" That, however, begs the very question in dispute. The question is, after setting aside the factors introduced by heredity and environment, whether true heart-tinctured thinking is not in some considerable measure the spring of right acting. Matthew Arnold reiterates the statement that conduct is three-fourths of life. But then the other fourth, the inward part, goes far towards shaping the three-fourths.

It is just the old debate of St. James in modern guise. Faith without works is dead: agreed. Shall we say in consequence—what is the use of faith if only we have the works? No; for our outer active life is the expression of the formative convictions and affections within, and faith as a moral reality is the generator of life.

The truth appears to be this, that a man's belief helps to mould his conduct, and equally in turn his conduct acts reflexly upon his mind, and helps to mould his belief. If his life be loose, his faith will seek to conform to the laxity of his habits. The two, if free and true, act and re-act on each other, and tend to slide up and down in company. Belief is significant, being partly a moral product, the secretion of character, of inclination, and of past habit. It is like the shell which the mollusc secretes and gathers round itself—partly the product of the formative life within, and partly the form which thereafter determines its future activities.

ii. It matters much what relation the thing believed bears to the man's life. If it be that Mars is tenanted, or that Homer is a myth, or that Shakespeare is really Bacon, the consequences for life and conduct will be *nil*. We are neither the better nor the worse for believing or denying that Moses wrote Deuteronomy, or that the Song of Songs is a pure love poem. Such matters are too remote from conscience and action to affect us perceptibly.

But if we realistically believe in a Father-God, an enveloping Over-Heart, as good and quick-sighted as Christ was, such a belief, if the product of our spiritual perceptions must sharpen conscience and intensify responsibility, must elevate life's hopes and endeavours into

loftier significance, and set all conduct in a moral light, and hold out the promise that

Something in this world amiss,
Shall be unriddled by-and-by.

It is not of so much consequence what the scholastic and ecclesiastical construction of a man's creed is as whether his belief has a moral fibre and the sense of a living Power in it.

The high-priest of Positivism, Mr. Harrison, has been saying lately, that "conduct is the result of the Ideal that we revere *plus* the truth which we know to be supreme." Tested by this canon, what must be the effect of belief in Jesus as the Ideal of God and man, as the living personification of truth and goodness, as the Redeemer and Comforter of the tempted and distraught? Creeds in type are no measure of its value. It is tested and proved in myriad lives that this faith of Christ, when sincere, fires the life with the energy of a great hope, expands and enriches the heart, gives suffering and sorrow a divine setting, and upon the dark problems of human existence and destiny casts light from God's "awful rose of Dawn." If one may indulge the "second-sight" of imagination a little, what a history that will be when all the golden deeds done and lives ennobled by the faith and spirit of Christ are gathered from all quarters—the true nimbus round His head.

But would not belief in Goodness, Truth, Eternal Righteousness, and Love serve as well for making character? No, my masters! Dead abstractions are as cold as "tables of stone." They have not eyes to scrutinize us, nor a heart to feel for us. They lack the fascinating spell of a sublime Personality. Matthew Arnold put it without any qualifications: "A correct scientific statement of rules of virtue has upon the great majority of mankind simply no effect at all." So—

Wisdom dealt with mortal powers
Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

Would sincere Agnosticism do as well as the Father-God and Christ's moral redemption and the force of prayer? The Blank above the Agnostic cannot infect the will with moral energy and brace the heart with hope. A big? a great X or Unknown Quantity, cannot turn mill-wheels, and as little can it turn men's wandering steps or strengthen character.

Scepticism is a negative belief, and is therefore impotent. It never, with Howard, reformed prison life till it was taught the spirit of Social Reform by Christ. It has not, with Florence Nightingale, tended the wounded on the battle-field. It has not, with Robert Raikes and Dr. Barnardo, cared for the children and the waifs. It has not, with Living-

stone, gone to heal the open sores of poor Africa. Professor Huxley opened his fusillade upon General Booth's scheme of rescue for the "submerged tenth"; but, without pronouncing judgment on every section of that scheme, what great proposal has the critic ever planned or tried for the reclamation of the waste classes? Science has its own sublime mission and heroes, and religion owes to it some of the sharp tornadoes that have cleansed the ecclesiastical swamp. But chemicals and formulae are impotent to fashion hearts and transfigure lives, and scepticism does not add the power they lack.

George Eliot poked fun at the poet Young and his style of argument: "If it were not for the prospect of immortality, he considers it would be wise to be indecent or to murder one's father." Of course, religion does not *create* the moral fibre nor manufacture the Divine threads in the web of our being. But George Eliot elsewhere admits that "the idea of God, and the sense of His presence, intensify all noble feeling, and encourage all noble effort . . . pour new life into our too languid love, and give firmness to our vacillating purpose." Without an Eternal Depository of our resolves and aspirations, without a Conscious Over-Heart to share our life, and endow it with significance and worth, our existence would be dwarfed and denuded and materialized. We should lose the fascination of the face of a Father, and walk under what Mr. R. H. Hutton calls a "polished arch or dome reflecting the edifice beneath."

The over-arching spiritual powers are not useless for life's guidance. One might quote "the skipper on the African shores, say a Krooman, who calls a foreign-going vessel a star-gazer. 'I,' says the Krooman, 'go from headland to headland; I steer by what I know; I keep to terrestrial ground. But *he*, why he fancies that, out of sight of land, people can find out what spot they are on by looking at another world through a glass. We are not simple enough to believe that it is from another world we are going to learn whether it is here we are or there!'"

Christian faith possesses all the terrestrial lights and landmarks of the secularist, the personal and the social conscience, and the teaching of human experience. But, in addition, it is endowed with the stars of Divine Powers, and there are many days and nights when by these upper lights alone can a man discover where he is and how to steer. "Hitch your waggon to a star!"

iii. Test the effects which belief, and overbelief, and scepticism severally exercise upon character, and judge, in this final court of appeal, whether belief is of any consequence for life.

Ask the verdict of History, man's ultimate

human arbiter. Ages of scepticism have been ages of moral degeneracy. As Rome became sceptical she became feeble and demoralized. Which was cause and which effect may be a debatable question: probably each was cause and each effect in turn. But alike in the annals of Rome, of France, and of other peoples, the fact is written in livid letters, that national and social degeneration is found in company with unbelief.

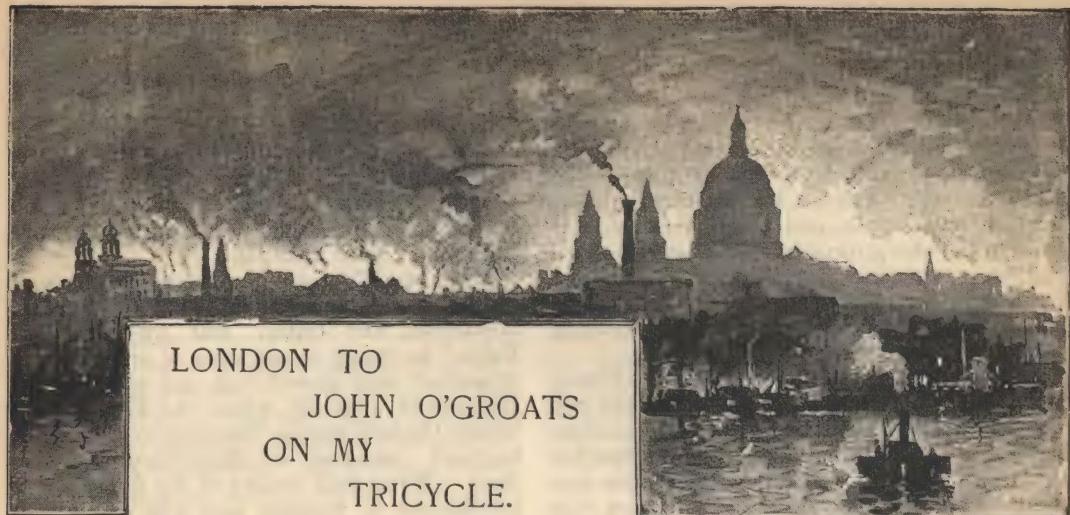
Mr. Cotter Morison retorts that "Ages of Faith" have been ages of social stagnation, fanaticism, and crime. But by "Ages of Faith" he really means ages of credulity, of priesthood and churchcraft and superstition. He selects a period when the Church had buried Christ's simple Christianity under the baptized paganism of Mariolatry and the Mass. What shall we say of the fairness and intelligence of bearded men who excite prejudice against the faith of Jesus by affixing the title "ages of faith" to the centuries when Christ's own teaching was entombed in priestly accretions and corruptions?

Observe, too, the drift of scepticism in the "narrow" of domestic questions. The surest touchstone for testing the worth of many social theories is the family tie, the marriage question—the rock on which many a pretentious ship has split. No need to go back to the Shelley and Godwin and Byron circles. To take these eccentric characters as representative specimens would not fulfil our canon laid down in a previous paper.

But scan current Monthlies and the novels that deal with the sex questions, and on every hand there are proofs that the proposals for loosening domestic ties, for even relaxing the most sacred bond of all, spring from the camp which has abandoned the faith of Christ. One might also quote Goethe and his *liaisons*, and even George Eliot and her breach of that social law on which Christ pronounced so clear a verdict. And she a woman, too, when woman would be the first and most terrible sufferer from the loosened family bond!

"Divinities have ended for us," says Mr. Frederic Harrison. Well done, assertion! But suppose it true. In some strong souls Christian virtues would survive. But if such giants as Goethe and George Eliot, and some of the eminent of to-day are so relaxed by their loss of faith, what could be expected of the great masses of mankind? If such is done in the green tree, what would be done in the dry? With nothing except a huge Unknown above, and with such examples of the morals of genius on earth, would not common men snatch at a social code so convenient for the demands of their lower nature?

In social conditions as well as in individual character, clearly it does matter what men believe.



LONDON TO
JOHN O'GROATS
ON MY
TRICYCLE.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, D.D.

THERE is nothing pleasanter than travelling at a reasonable pace on a strong, sound cycle with a long journey before you, a pleasant companion, fine weather, and good roads.

My companion was a friend belonging to Caithness, and when I suggested to him that we should travel down together on a double tricycle he agreed, but with some scepticism as to our ultimate success. Our destination was Thurso, *via* Wick and John o'Groats, which we made out to be a little over 700 miles. As we did not hurry ourselves, we took fourteen travelling days over the journey, excluding Sundays, which need not be reckoned. Our route was simply the Great North Road through the two countries, and we did not deviate from it.

The double-tricycle was a Humber, and with the exception of a little damage to the rubber tyre, it carried us without accident the whole distance. Our luggage consisted simply of changes of flannels and socks, with toilet necessities, and hung quite comfortably between us. The weather was fairly good during the fortnight, but there was often a good deal of rain ahead of us, which made the roads heavier than we liked. We only got one or two heavy wettings, and it is always easy to get dry again in an inn or a cottage. If I were taking the journey again, I would leave the Great North Road occasionally where it passes by important towns—like Peterborough and York; for since the old coaching days the road has, in some of its remoter lengths, fallen into decay, and the broad and hard highway runs rather to the important cities in its neighbourhood.

In order to avoid the inconveniences of leaving London, we made our *rendezvous* at Finchley Road, and started from there about the middle of

the day for Barnet. It would be tedious and impossible to give a diary of the whole route, and I shall only mention the most picturesque places and the most interesting events.

Our journey took place in the latter part of August, so that it was rather hot work. We found that by far the most refreshing drink was milk and soda; nothing else quenched the thirst so completely. We were soon in very pretty and well-wooded country, and Hatfield was our first resting-place. We strolled into the Park and surveyed the venerable palace of the Cecils. It was interesting, two days afterwards, to see Lord Burghley's other great mansion at Stamford. Both are in the Elizabethan style, but Hatfield is of red brick and Burghley of a beautiful yellow stone. Hatfield is handsome enough, but Burghley is a magnificent architectural study. The two families of Cecil have run parallel to each other for 300 years, both attaining to Marquisates and important positions in the State. Hatfield at present leads the way.

We stopped for the first night at Biggleswade at the Ivel Hotel, so called after a little river in the place, and kept by a young cyclist, Albone, who also has some well-known cycle-works. The place was evidently very popular with cyclists, and was full of them. Next day we passed through a succession of villages of no great interest, with the exception of Buckden, where are the imposing remains of the former country-house of the Bishops of Lincoln. There is an important look about the place, with its lofty garden walls, magnificent trees, and very fine church. The name Stilton was also interesting, as it reminded us of the locality of the cheese country. One thing was noteworthy about the various villages: those that were "open," that

is, belonging to small landlords and cottage proprietors, had a look of poverty, discomfort, and untidiness, that was in the strongest possible contrast to the villages of the great landed proprietors through whose estates we passed, where all was beauty, order, and substantial building.

Another night was spent at Stamford, an exceedingly picturesque town on the slope of a hill, divided by a valley from the rise on which Burghley House lies. It is full of handsome old churches and buildings, including a very fascinating almshouse. We arrived there rather late, and my companion was almost dead beat; but I begged him to do no work, and I would take him safely into Stamford, which was reached in due course. The town was brightened up by a squadron of the Royals who were on the march from Chelmsford to York, with Prince Frank of Teck. They are considered one of the finest and strongest cavalry regiments in the British Army, and they certainly behaved very well in the town. We got up early to see them march from the market-place, and a very pretty sight it was in the early sunshine of a bright summer morning. Here I met a son of Archdeacon Farrar's, who was living in the town, and he encouraged us to go and see Burghley House, which of course it would have been a shame to pass unvisited. We were kindly allowed to go round before the usual hour, as we wished to get on.

Since leaving Biggleswade we had crossed the counties of Bedford, Huntingdon and Northampton.

Grantham and Newark are sister towns about the same size, each with magnificent churches. The approach to Doncaster is striking, passing along the edge of a fine common, and then by the race-course, where the road is an immense breadth, and shadowed by stately avenues.

It was after Doncaster that the Great North Road became rough and unfrequented, and as it was getting dark we had to be careful. We at last found ourselves in a pretty little village—Darrington—174 miles from London. At a house that was half farm, half inn, where we were very comfortably looked after, the only spare bedroom was evidently used on

occasion as the drawing-room of the house. We crossed the Wharfe next day at Wetherby, and here I was on familiar ground, as I spent many happy weeks in former days at my grandfather's home at Spofforth, close by. The weather was here very sultry, and the sky, before reaching Wetherby, loaded with the smoke of the coal country. Before reaching Boroughbridge we got a thorough soaking, but were soon dried in the kitchen of the inn. Northallerton, Darlington, Durham, and Newcastle are all so well known that nothing need be said about them.

I was glad to pass through Alnwick, as all Englishmen know the name as synonymous with feudal magnificence. The castle is indeed a most impressive and lordly pile, and worthy of the great house of Percy. Towers, bastions, and castellated walls run out in all directions down the slope of the hill below the central structure, while the vast park trends away to the north below them, to the bottom of a valley through which the river Aln runs, and up the opposite hill. The little town had a look of demure and old-fashioned respect for this grand and impressive symbol of historical glory.

At Warrenford (318 miles) we were travelling in the dark, and overtaken by a drenching downpour. The inhabitants were not hospitable; the inns had no accommodation, and we could not get any shelter. Four miles further through the rain took us to Belford, where we were soon warm and comfortable again, and enjoying a hearty supper.

Next day, on crossing the Tweed at Berwick, over the long, narrow, picturesque, winding



JOHN O' GROATS.

bridge of the middle ages, my companion's doubts as to reaching Thurso finally vanished, and he felt confident that, but for accidents, we should reach our destination. North of Berwick was one of the finest views of the journey. The road runs along the top of some splendid cliffs, with the sea dashing below, and here and there a picturesque little fishing village nestling by the shore at the end of a fissure in the cliffs. Berwick itself has a comfortable look, the roofs being almost entirely of brilliant red tile. It belongs neither to England nor Scotland, and is always mentioned separately in proclamations. The Established Church there is the Church of England, not the Church of Scotland. The look of the country on either side of the border is very much the same; but we were reminded that we were in Scotland, by passing a fine castle of red sandstone in the Scottish baronial style at Ayton belonging to the Mitchell-Inneses. There is some fine glen scenery, and dangerously steep roads at Cockburn's Path, where you cross the river Douglas. Far away at sea the huge Bass Rock towers high. Dunbar, celebrated for its battle, is a clean little town of red stone on a rocky coast, with a pier. Haddington is a very quaint old place, entirely paved with cobble-stones, and surrounded by large estates and parks. It was here that Jane Welsh, afterwards Mrs. Carlyle, passed her maiden life.

To the east of Haddington, the ground rises to a considerable height; and from the top is obtained a sublime panorama of the Firth of Forth; Edinburgh, with its crown of silver smoke, with the huge isolated hill of Arthur's Seat, guarding her solemnly like a lion; the Fifeshire coast and hills beyond the Firth to the North; the Highland hills to the far West; and the Pentlands and the Lammermuirs to the South. There is a long descent from here to Edinburgh, through the little seaside towns of Musselburgh and Portobello. In reaching Edinburgh we were 395 miles from London.

The glorious beauty of Edinburgh is too well known to all your readers to need any description here. We must hurry on. The crossing of the Forth was easily accomplished by steamer, from Granton to Burntisland. Thence the road rises rapidly up a steep hill to some table land at the top, which appears to be rich in minerals, for we were soon in quite a manufacturing district. Kinross is on the shore of Loch Leven and in view of the island and castle where poor Queen Mary was imprisoned, and whence she made her romantic escape. The shores of the loch are chiefly flat, and although woods and water are always beautiful, it is not one of the most striking, though one of the largest sheets of water in Scotland. Scotch roads are as a rule better than English, whether from

abundance of metal or from later and more scientific construction; and the road from Kinross to Perth was the finest stretch we had met; it was like a billiard board, and we travelled at a great pace. It took us through a lovely ravine of rocks and trees, like the Trossachs, called Glen Farg, through which we felt it quite a shame to be running so quickly. The Fair City of Perth has now become a large place from its railway depot and manufactures, and has 24,000 inhabitants. It lies on beautiful green meadows, with the river Tay winding amongst them, and surrounded by hills which are the approach to the real Highland country. There was a fair going on in the meadow where the battle described by Scott was fought, which we visited, and heard some amusing cheap-Jacks.

As the road nears Dunkeld, the scenery becomes really romantic. The heath-covered mountains crowd together in picturesque shapes, and the trees in the valley of the Tay grow with remarkable luxuriance. Dunkeld, which is generally considered the Gate of the Highlands, is a fascinating spot, rich in beauty of every kind. Our day from Perth to Blair Athole was one of our wettest—which was unfortunate, for the scenery up Strathtay and Strathummel, past Pitlochry and up the Pass of Killiecrankie, is as lovely as anything you can see in Scotland. We arrived at Blair Athole late and wet, and found the hotel very full. Amongst others there was Mr. Petit, head of the S.P.C.K. College at Stepney. Blair Athole is chiefly a village for the dependants of the Duke, whose huge old white castle is close by. There is no place in Scotland where a kilt is more worn, as all the men in the employ of the Duke are expected to adopt it. On great days he is able to turn out several hundreds of armed clansmen.

We made an early start next morning, as this was our most difficult day, for we had to cross the Grampians. An ascent of ten miles, during which we had chiefly to push the machine with a strong north wind blowing in our faces, was perhaps our stiffest bit of work. The scenery grew wilder and wilder as we advanced; huge mountains closing in the view on each side, with numerous streams rushing over boulders of granite, with water stained a clear dark brown from the peat, and hardly a tree in sight.

An amusing incident happened here. We had been expecting to refresh ourselves at an inn given on the map near the top of the pass. Scotch inns often have no signs, and we dismounted near the door and walked in. On calling for the waiter, a smart English footman in livery came forward and said this was not a hotel. We declared that it must be, and appealed to the map; but he told us it was let to an English sportsman from Liverpool. We expressed our disappoint-

ment, on which he thawed, and said that the lady of the house sometimes offered refreshment to travellers who had made the same mistake. He went to inquire, and came back asking us what we would like, which was chiefly milk and biscuits. I left my card and thanks to the involuntary, but hospitable hostess.

The descent upon Kingussie from the Druimcherta Pass at the top of the Grampians was very striking. The gradual change from desolation to luxuriant vegetation is always interesting; and this evening we had a glowing and glorious sunset. Next day we turned off by Aviemore at the foot of the forest of Rothiemurchus, into the wilds of Inverness-shire, side by side with the new direct railway to Inverness. A very pleasant picture was left on the mind by Moy, a castle standing by a small loch, embosomed in trees and heathery slopes.

There was a three-mile descent to Inverness, which gave us a view of the Beauly Firth, of the same character as the view of Edinburgh and the Forth, except that the Ross-shire mountains to the north of Beauly Firth, and the Inverness-shire mountains to the west, are very much higher and grander than those near the Forth. It is a view of magnificent expanse, with every variety of beauty. The looseness of a rubber tyre had given us some little trouble, but we fortunately got it mended sufficiently to last the remaining 150 miles of the journey.

The route through Ross-shire and Sutherland is extremely circuitous, as numerous long firths

have to be skirted; but the scenery was always sublime and beautiful, so that there was nothing vexatious in these *détours*. The day following Inverness we did sixty-one miles, as the road was the flattest and easiest we had met with. It was splendidly smooth and well kept, and ran by the sea-shore the greater part of the way. The east coast of Sutherlandshire abounds in beauty, and Dunrobin, the home of the Duke of Sutherland, is seated in queenly splendour in the most beautiful part.

The Ord of Caithness was our last great climb. It is a huge mountain running out into the sea, over the shoulder of which the road has to pass, as it ends abruptly in steep cliffs. This we crossed on a beautiful twilight evening, with the evening star shining like a small moon over the sea, and the pale bright light of the Aurora quivering and leaping into the sky to the north ahead of us. We slept at a little inn in a Caithness seaside village—Dunbeath.

John o' Groats is now a hotel on the north shore of Caithness looking out towards the Orkney Islands. The remains of the octagonal house of the famous John can be traced in the turf. The coast is fine and bold, with magnificent headlands and precipitous rocks, and the colouring of the sea is exceedingly brilliant.

The last day we had only twenty-two miles to run along the coast to Thurso. It is impossible to describe what a feeling of perfect health the life in the open air and the daily regular exercise had supplied to the brain and nerves after ten months' hard work in London.

THERE is an evil spirit whose dominion is in blindness and cowardice, as the dominion of the spirit of wisdom is in clear sight and in courage. And this blind and cowardly spirit is for ever telling you that evil things are pardonable, and that you shall not die for them, and that good things are impossible, and that you need not live for them; and that gospel of his is now the loudest that is preached in your Saxon tongue. You will find one day, to your cost, if you believe the first part of it, that it is not true; but you may never, if you believe the second part of it, find, to your gain, that also untrue; and therefore I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them.—JOHN RUSKIN.

YOU cannot set the world right, or the times, but you can do something for the truth; and all you can do will certainly tell if the work you do

is for the Master, who gives you your share, and so the burden of responsibility is lifted off. This assurance makes peace, satisfaction, and repose possible even in the partial work done upon earth. Go to the man who is carving a stone for a building; ask him where is that stone going, to what part of the temple, and how he is going to get it into place, and what does he do? He points you to the builder's plans. This is only one stone of many. So, when men shall ask where and how is your little achievement going into God's plans, point them to your Master, who keeps the plans, and then go on doing your little service as faithfully as if the whole temple were yours to build.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD have issued a cheap edition of the *Life of W. H. Smith, M.P.*, and in this convenient form it should find many readers amongst young men. Mr. Smith was a successful man of business, and a useful servant of the State, and his biography is a book worth reading and keeping.

HOW A MORNING NEWSPAPER IS PRODUCED.—II.

By H. W. MASSINGHAM.

I HAVE said that the morning paper does not represent the intense concentration of effort which marks the production of an evening newspaper. This applies especially to the mechanical aspects of the morning journal. There are three main divisions of labour on a newspaper: first, the production of material, news, literature, opinion; secondly, its collection in printed form by the combined efforts of the sub-editor and the printer's foreman; thirdly, its mechanical reproduction by the aid of the stereotyped plate and the rotary machine. Practically this last process has been reduced to something like a common level by the invention of stereotyping, and by the Hoe machines and their English rivals. No great London paper can to-day boast of any notable advantage over its rivals in point of speed and facility of production. The *Times* adheres to its Walter press modified by an adaptation of the Hoe machinery. But practically all the other journals are machined by the vast engines which unite the functions of printing, cutting, pasting and folding. By the multiplication of stereo plates from the *papier maché* impressions of the original type it is of course possible to strike off copies of a newspaper on half a dozen machines, thundering along together. That process enables every journal with a circulation of over one hundred thousand a day to print off its impression in between one and two hours—a speed which in emergencies can be largely accelerated. There is, therefore, no extreme pressure in the later mechanical processes of a morning newspaper. A plate can be turned out in seven minutes, and ten is an ample margin. But all the times are fixed and regulated. There is no imperative street demand to be met, as with an evening paper in its later editions, and with the fear of more alert rivals dogging its heels. There is no call for the elaborate contrivances for "fudging a race," i.e. for inserting the names of winners on a stereotyped plate after it has been cast and placed on the machine,—and thus gaining a few seconds in the "sprint" for time which is always being run by the popular evening journals. Nor do we in England yet know the keen and restless competition for news which is the hall mark of the entire American press. Each morning newspaper in London, at all events, moves serenely in its own sphere, with little disturbance from its rivals. Each relies a good deal on the news agencies, and does not think it necessary to keep its own special news-hunters running hard on the scent. There are the same early morning

trains to maintain the same services of the great distributing agencies, the same regular procession of carts to the railway termini. Some day no doubt all this will change, and we shall catch something of the furious competitive zeal of the American press. Of course, too, great emergencies, such as a European war, in which the morning newspaper takes the lead, spends the money, and frequently publishes a special telegram as soon as it is received, put a keener spirit into the life even of an orderly paper like the *Times*, whose "second edition" is usually an affair of a few dozen copies. But for the most part we hold on to our staid ways. Even the provincial papers have the lead in enterprise of some at least of their London brethren. No London morning journal, save the *Daily Graphic*, has as yet attacked the problem of how to press into its service the artist's pencil equally with the reporter's pen. London does not even produce a weekly popular newspaper which deals in methods of artistic reproduction as fine as those employed with ease by more than one great provincial weekly. But even in this respect there are signs of change. When the *Pall Mall Gazette* attempts, even imperfectly, to deal with such magnificent work as Mr. Pennell's illustrations of the devils of Notre Dame, it is quite clear that a new impulse is abroad, and that before the 20th century has dawned we shall probably see the *Times* devoting a third of its space to the illustration of the plans and deeds, the battles and the moving incidents by flood and field, which make up the daily chronicle of the world's work and pleasure. Forty or fifty years ago many daily and weekly newspapers were full of illustrations. Why not to-day, when a new school of reproductive art is at their service?

The great defect of a London morning newspaper has always struck me to be the want of steady co-operation and the strict co-ordination among the staff of functions which belongs to the American press. All the great dailies suffer from it much more than the evening newspapers, which model the conduct of their staff more on the American than the English plan. The fault is one inherent in a system under which a newspaper represents not so much the work of a single mind, spreading itself over the whole field of modern life; as the opinion and methods of a number of men working, no doubt, under a certain self-repression, but still all going on their ways with machine-like regularity. I would have the most intimate and constant co-operation

between the head of a newspaper and every member of his staff. There should, indeed, be the same transmission of orders and intelligence as goes to the planning of a great battle. Curiously enough, the mechanical processes of a newspaper office have not, of late years, been greatly extended or improved. Thus the *Times* has dropped the telephones which used to serve as the principal means of communication with the House of Commons, and no London newspaper office that I know of is fitted up completely with the telephones and typewriters, the phonographs and speaking tubes, which, in the crowded hour of a newspaper's daily life, make all the difference between the dropped point and the missed subject, and a thoroughly up-to-date newspaper. As I would change the direction of the machine, so I would also modify the nature of the material that is poured into it. A good many of the thousands of pounds that are frittered away on foreign intelligence by papers like the *Times* and the *Standard* are thrown away in diplomatic nothings, vague and worthless echoes of uninteresting opinion. If for this were substituted a service not entirely, nor indeed chiefly, conducted by telegraph, conveyed in brief paragraphs of literary, social, dramatic, and personal intelligence; if more knowledge and sympathy were put into our treatment of Indian and colonial matters; if experts in these questions were constantly consulted by every London editor, what a vivifying of many dry bones of journalism would ensue! Of especial urgency is the necessity of dealing with London as the London letter-writers of great provincial dailies like the *Liverpool Mercury* and the *Birmingham Post* deal with it, instead of in the bald, colourless summaries which most of the London dailies of long custom affect. Compare, for instance, those rival columns in the *Telegraph*, the one headed "London Day by Day," the other "Paris Day by Day." The one is a living picture, a real body and soul, the other is a mindless, sapless skeleton. New York is a mere village compared with London. Its influence on the world's commerce, thought, politics, is as nothing compared with the mighty leverage that belongs to the greatest city in the world. Yet, despite the debasing prostitution of a type of American journalism, the New York reporter has at least impressed upon him the necessity of getting at the inwardness of the panoramic life of which he is a part. Nor would I hesitate to help the newspaper reader in his search for what is truly significant in life, by the mechanical aids common to the American Press. The

headline should tell its story as well as the article. Manifold, too, are the uses of type discreetly employed, to point a moral and adorn a tale, to fix the eye on what the editor thinks truly important, to give firmness, continuity of purpose, and varied interest to the paper's own opinions. In other words, I think the morning newspaper should each day be a speaking voice, consistent, but not monotonous, not without proportion, colour, light and shade.

There is one other great reform to which I am convinced the daily press is tending, and that is the emancipation of the individual journalist. And there is only one way to that end, and that is by the abolition, or, at all events, the great modification, of anonymity. M. Zola spoke a genuine truth of criticism when he told the English Press, at the Conference of the Institute of Journalists, that in France no unsigned criticism would possess any authority. Criticism is, in France, understood in its only true sense as the impression of a single mind, the recorded vision of an eye catching this or that aspect of the shifting show we call life. With us it tends far more to be a mere collection of average opinions, trimmed and planed down to suit either the "line" of the paper, or the medium thinking of the hour. As the newspaper tends more and more to attract the best literary minds of the day—the poets, the theologians, the philosophers, the novelists, the critics—and this is rapidly becoming the fact—there will come an irresistible cry for liberty, for exchanging the editorial "we" for the imperative "I," for dropping the conventions, and letting each man's thought and experience and fancy play freely over the ground covered by a daily newspaper. All this is perfectly consistent with editorial responsibility, with the maintenance of a definite policy, and social and political aim. But it implies an immense heightening of the prospects of the profession, a genuine call to each journalist to do the best that lies in him, to become a craftsman and an artist, and not a drudge. Look at the admirable results of giving men like Mr. Archer, Mr. Pennell, Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Walkley their head in dramatic, artistic, and musical criticism, or of allowing Mr. T. P. O'Connor to sign his daily impressions of Parliament and politics. All these changes have been initiated in the evening, not in the morning press, though the *Daily Chronicle* is fast following a good example. In a word, it is "more life, and fuller," that we English journalists want, and which, I am assured, we shall one day get.

LET US ENDEAVOUR SO TO LIVE THAT WHEN WE COME TO DIE EVEN THE UNDERTAKER WILL BE SORRY.—MARK TWAIN.

THINK WELL OVER YOUR IMPORTANT STEPS IN LIFE, AND, HAVING MADE UP YOUR MIND, NEVER LOOK BEHIND.—THOMAS HUGHES.

DOCTOR DICK:

A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

By SILAS K. HOCKING,

Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail," "Her Benny," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A GREAT FEAR.

SUMMER had well-nigh spent itself ere Trevanion was able to leave his bed. But one dreamy August afternoon he managed to get into a chair, and was wheeled up to the window, whence he could look out upon the open country and watch the reapers at work in the cornfields. He had great difficulty in keeping back the tears, it seemed so strange and pathetic; while his own weakness impressed him as it had never done before.

Irene and Miss Tabitha stood one on each side of his chair; and as he looked from one to the other, he felt how wrong had been the thoughts he had cherished in the past. How often he had said bitterly that he had not a friend in the world; that nobody cared whether he lived or died; that if he slipped quietly out of life the St. Uralites would rejoice, and nobody would mourn.

His long sickness had not been all loss. It had taught him many things, and removed many false impressions. He had sneered at religious people, and called their professions cant and hypocrisy; but he could never do so again. Neither Miss Tabitha nor Irene had prated religion, but they had lived it. Every day he had read the beautiful sermon of their lives. He learnt, too, that he was not the only invalid they nursed and cared for; that over all the country-side their benefactions extended; that they were constantly by the bedsides of the sick and sad and dying.

That all this should touch his heart and influence his character, was not to be wondered at. The wonder would have been if it had not done so. To live under such influences for so many weeks was bound to affect his whole life. And he knew this afternoon, as he looked at these two women, and then looked out over the smiling fields and purpling moors, that he was not quite the same; that a change had been wrought in him he could not wholly understand, but which he was as certain of as of his own existence.

But the fact he was most clearly conscious of was, that he loved Irene Revill with all the love of which he was capable. He had struggled against the feeling for a long time—reasoned with himself, argued and debated the matter for hours on the stretch, when he ought to have

been asleep—but all to no purpose. The more he argued and protested, the more he loved her. The more foolish such an affection seemed, the stronger it grew; the more hopeless his passion, the more completely it dominated his life. He gave up protesting after awhile; he knew it was of no use. In matters of affection, reason and judgment count for nothing. The heart will go its own way in spite of what the head may say.

So he drifted pleasantly on the tide, and ceased to inquire whither the currents were taking him. He felt that the mere fact of loving a good woman was in itself an education. He never could be quite the same again, whatever might happen. Such love as his purified him, chastened him, ennobled him. If no other influence had touched him, he was a better man for loving this sweet-eyed, pure-souled woman; and would be a better man as long as his life should last.

The idea of confessing his love to her he never tolerated for a moment; that was a matter his will could control. He might not be able to help loving her, but he could help confessing it; so he kept the secret to himself, and loved her not the less on that account, but more.

After a few weeks, with considerable assistance, he was able to get downstairs, and that brought him a new pleasure; he could hear Irene play as well as sing. Unfortunately, he was not able to get out of doors, for the beautiful harvest weather had given place to rain and cold; the days, too, seemed to shorten with phenomenal rapidity, and the summer came to an abrupt termination.

This fact, however, did not trouble him. So long as Irene was near him he was blissfully content. In his eyes her face grew more beautiful every day, and her manner more full of charm. Yet he never presumed upon her friendliness. He was conscious of the impassable gulf that yawned between them; and the more friendly she got, the more shy and retiring he became.

The one thing that troubled him was his long trespass upon Miss Tabitha's hospitality. He did not talk much about it, but every now and then a troubled look would come into his eyes which was not at all difficult to interpret. Miss Tabitha always hastened to reassure him, whenever she saw the look.

"Now, then," she would say, a pleasant smile lighting up her benevolent face, "you are vexing

yourself again about being here so long. I know you are, and it is very wrong of you. You are really no trouble to us. We are glad of your company, glad to be of service to you, and shall be sorry when you have to go."

This, of course, was very gratifying to Trevanion, and made him all the more thankful for the kindness he received; but it did not lessen the feeling in his heart that he had trespassed beyond reasonable bounds.

But what could he do? Strength was returning surely enough, but so terribly slow that he was as yet unfit for anything. He could not even venture out of doors, and so, perforce, he was bound to stay where he was.

From a purely selfish point of view it was, of course, a delightful arrangement. Pleasant rooms and soft carpets, and a daintily spread table, and well-cooked food, and books and pictures and music, and over all an indescribable air of refinement and culture—all this was very agreeable to him. It touched a side of his nature that long had lain dormant, and awoke memories of a happy if sadly wasted past.

Now and then he wondered how he would be able to tolerate going back again to the old life; going back to lodgings in a comfortless cottage; going back to loneliness and hopelessness and temptation. How far away that old life seemed! and, stranger still, how far away that old *self* seemed! Should he become again as he used to be? Should he sink back again into pessimism and despair?

He was staring into the cheerful fire with clasped hands and knitted brows. On the other side of the fireplace sat Irene, intent upon a book; against the window the autumn rain was beating with steady persistency, and in the chimney the wind moaned and grumbled.

Irene laid down her book at length and looked at him, and somehow her heart throbbed a little faster. He was very handsome, very gentle, and during his long illness he had never once been impatient or cross. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that she felt more than ordinarily interested in him. For three long months she had seen him every day, had helped him in his helplessness, and soothed him in his pain. It was largely through her care that he had struggled back to life; hence, whatever might happen, he could never be to her merely a stranger.

Sometimes she could hardly bring herself to believe that he was the same man she had seen on her first excursion through the village. She did not know that love of her had been the chiefest factor in the change. He did not seem to care for her in the least. He talked less to her than to Miss Tabitha, and sometimes seemed almost ill at ease in her company.

Yet this was the simple truth. No unholy

passion stirred his heart; such a love could never have ennobled him. But his love was for the beautiful and true. In his eyes she was the embodiment of loveliness and purity. Hence he loved her afar off, not daring to think of possession. She was his ideal of perfect womanhood: to be gazed at—adored—nothing more. He was not worthy even to kiss her feet; to touch her hands seemed almost sacrilege.

So while it was bliss to be in her company, to listen while she read or sang, it was bliss not unmixed with pain. Her very sweetness and purity made his own life appear more unworthy and vile by contrast. And yet his one vice had been an occasional yielding to drink, unless indolence be accounted a vice. He shuddered sometimes when he thought of the depths to which he might have sunk, and often wondered what had saved him from these. In all his beggary and want he had never lied, or stolen, or wronged his neighbour. He had wallowed in drunkenness for weeks and months, until he had lost all sense of shame, and almost all desire for respectability. But from the yet baser lusts some power or circumstance had always held him back. But, apart from this, he felt himself too utterly unworthy to think of Irene in any other light than that of a beautiful ideal, to be worshipped afar off, but never reached; and so he often sat silent and moody when she was near.

"You seem in a very serious mood," Irene said at length, half jocularly; "is anything troubling you?"

"Nothing more than usual," he said, without raising his eyes.

"Are you not so well?" she said a little anxiously.

"Oh, yes! I am steadily gaining strength every day. In a week or so now I ought to be able to go to work again. Captain Tom has promised me some light job on the floors."

"You will be glad to gain your liberty again?" in a questioning tone.

"I hardly know, Miss Revill. To go back to the old life, after the refinements of this home, is not an inviting prospect."

"But you will win your way to something better in time."

"I wish I could think so. I fear most, slipping back to the old level, or to something worse."

"Do you really in your heart fear that?"

"I do sometimes—at odd moments."

"But you don't generally?"

"No! I have a feeling I shall never be the same again. I have had a vision of loveliness and purity of late, which has entered into my life and won my heart. It is ever before me; I think it ever will be. An ideal, afar off, but there: inspiring, helping, drawing me on."

"You have had a vision of God," she said solemnly.

"No; but of one of His creatures. Perhaps in her eyes I have caught a glimpse of God;" and he raised his head and looked at her steadily.

"I do not quite understand," she said, growing very pale, and trembling slightly.

"Can you imagine a man having a picture of an ideal woman and loving it? Loving it, not in any low earthly sense, but with a love akin to worship. And can you imagine, further, that love keeping him pure, and chivalrous, and strong?"

"I do not know," she said meditatively, the blood coming slowly back to her neck and face. "An ideal is generally such an abstract creation. A true woman is not a mere abstraction, she is flesh and blood."

"Ah! but such as I am, may not, dare not, love save afar off. Do you remember reading yesterday morning at prayers: 'Who shall ascend to the hill of the Lord? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul to vanity, nor sworn deceitfully?' Yet it may be, we may lift our eyes and worship afar off. At least, I have seen my ideal, which I love, and shall never cease to love; that I hope may keep me."

"Nothing but the grace of God can keep us," she said with an effort.

"But that grace may come in many ways. If this is the channel through which it flows, I am not going to complain."

For a moment she raised her eyes to his; then, blushing and trembling, she went to the window and looked out.

"Why, the rain has quite given over," she said, after a pause, "and the sun is actually trying to struggle through the clouds. I shall be able to keep my promise to Mary Udy, after all."

"You surely will not go to Poldu this afternoon," he said. "Why, the roads will be in a frightful state after all this rain."

"Oh, I do not mind that in the least; besides, the walk will do me good. I have not been out of the house for two days."

(To be continued.)

"I KNOW," says Mr. Ruskin, "that there are many who think the atmosphere of misery which wraps the lower orders of Europe more closely every day as natural a phenomenon as a hot summer. But God forbid! There are ills which flesh is heir to, and troubles to which man is born, but the troubles which he is born to are as sparks which fly upward, not as flames burning to the nethermost hell. The poor we must have with us always, and sorrow is inseparable from any hour of life; but we may make their poverty

"I wish I could walk so far with you," he said regretfully.

"I shall get on faster without you," she said playfully.

"Of course you will be back to tea?"

"Why, of course; now don't get low-spirited;" and she ran out of the room.

A few minutes later he heard the door bang, and, going to the window, he saw her marching away. How bonny she looked; how trim and neat! She turned her head when she reached the gate, and smiled at him, and then vanished from his sight.

He walked back to his chair after a few minutes, and began to stare at the fire. An uneasy feeling was in his heart, which he could not explain—a sense of impending trouble. Miss Tabitha tried to rally him when she came into the room, but he only answered in monosyllables. So the afternoon wore away, and darkness came on, and with the darkness the wind got up, and the rain began to fall again.

Tea-time came and passed. Seven o'clock struck, and eight, and still Irene had not come. Miss Tabitha got anxious, and despatched her maids in search of her. Nine o'clock struck, and ten. Trevanian paced the room, with a troubled face and beating heart. He felt sure some evil had befallen the woman he loved, and yet he was powerless to render her any assistance.

A few minutes after ten the maids returned. "Has she not got back?" was their first question.

"No," said Miss Tabitha. "Why?"

"Well, she left Poldu just as it was getting dark."

"That would be more than three hours ago."

"It would be four, ma'am."

"Then she has fallen into a shaft somewhere;" and Miss Tabitha sat down suddenly, and burst into tears.

By eleven o'clock all St. Ural knew that Miss Revill was missing, and men and boys, and even women, turned out with lanterns and sticks, and scoured the whole neighbourhood till the dawn of another day appeared in the sky. But not a trace could be found of the missing woman.

such as shall inherit the earth, and the sorrow such as shall be hallowed by the hand of the Comforter with everlasting comfort. We can, if we will but shake off this lethargy and dreaming that is upon us, and take the pains to think and act like men."

NOTHING is too little to be ordered by our Father; nothing too little in which to see His hand; nothing which touches our souls too little to accept from Him; nothing too little to be done for Him.—PUSEY.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

BY W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

AMONG the many letters of this month which touch more or less on reading, there is one which gives me the opportunity of saying a word I have long wished to say. It refers to Boswell's *Johnson*. I do not think that this is a book which I have ever recommended especially to young men; but there can be no better book. It not merely depicts one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived, but one of the best; and it paints him with a vividness and truth that still remain unapproached in the realm of biography. And Boswell's single great book is not only a life of *Johnson*: it is, in a sense, a summary of a great age, and the best expression of all that was finest and most characteristic in it. How perpetually fresh are its stories! How delightful is the brusque humour of the old scholar, dealing his sledge-hammer blows at all sorts of shams: telling Sheridan, for example, that his efforts to enlighten the English nation on the subject of rhetoric are like setting up a farthing candle at Dover to give light in Calais; and retorting on a youth, who boasted that he had been at two universities, that he (Dr. *Johnson*) once knew a calf that had sucked two cows, and was only the bigger calf! In all the vast book there is not a page that is not alive with wit and humour, and throughout it the figure of the dictatorial, shabby, ponderous old scholar stands out with inimitable effect, and is by turns pathetic, ludicrous, and sublime. Men take all sorts of books on holiday with them; well, let me say a word for Boswell's *Johnson*. It is almost a holiday in itself to the man whose brain is tired by the complexity of modern thought and the intensity of modern life. It needs no recommendation; it comes to us with the praise of the wisest and best of men for a whole century preluding it. And to-day it can be bought for so very moderate a sum that there is no young Englishman possessed of five shillings who may not make acquaintance, and start a life-long friendship with this greatest of eighteenth-century Englishmen, with whom the modern era of letters began.

* * *

I confess myself so staggered by the question of *Puritan*, *What is the advantage to a young man in leading a pure life?* that I find it difficult to reply with any degree of kindness. Why not ask, What is the advantage of health? What is the advantage of not being a snob, a cad, a foul-minded beast, a drunkard? *Puritan* argues his case on the stupidest of premises.

He knows young men who are not pure, and who yet succeed in business: *ergo*, to succeed in business, be impure. He knows smart young fellows who lead loose lives, and yet are in favour with their employers: therefore, be a seducer if you want promotion in an office. Surely in *Puritan* himself there is a very unpuritan looseness of moral fibre and confusion of thought to make such arguments as these even thinkable. It is possible enough that a smart young fellow of loose morals does succeed in business; but it is not because he is immoral, but because he is smart. If the youth of pure life is equally well gifted with brains, he will succeed equally well, and, moreover, the untainted force of character which he brings with him will in itself be a guarantee of success. The idea which is festering in *Puritan's* mind appears to be, if we analyse it, that there is some vital connection between brains and immorality, purity and imbecility. No conclusion could be falser. The men who stand at the head of the great business-houses to-day are the men who have kept themselves pure. The men who arrive at the highest goals of success are the men who bring character as well as brains to the struggle. Apart from any question of religion, of Divine mandate or plain duty, it is to the infinite advantage of a man, if he values health, if he desires a career, if he wants to walk fearlessly among his fellows, to keep himself from vice. The finest thing that Tennyson says of Wellington in his great Ode is that he cannot be ashamed whatever record springs to light. Is it no advantage to have maintained this integrity of conscience and uprightness of conduct which has been the consolation of the greatest and best of Englishmen in all ages? Or, since the title by which this correspondent signs himself implies that he is not unconscious of certain great truths, let me remind him of the proud boast of Milton, the greatest of Puritans, and entreat him to make it the motto of his life: "I am not one of those who have disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of the freeman by the actions of the slave, but by the grace of God I have kept my life unsullied." That is Milton's reply: is any other needed?

* * *

The letter of *Avis*, touching the marriage question, is of deep interest, particularly as the verdict of a woman on the positions which have been discussed in these columns. "No man,"

she writes, "is too diseased, too insane, or too immoral to marry." It is but too true. *Avis* need not apologise for discussing the physical basis of marriage; it has to be discussed. We cannot go on teaching physiology in public schools, and reading the scientific books of our time generally, without becoming more and more aware that the physical fortunes of the human race are bound up in marriage. As regards the diseased—that is, those who are consumptive, or who have clearly ascertained maladies latent in them—mere common sense, not to speak of righteousness, teaches that marriage is forbidden. If, indeed, two such persons can agree to live together, in all the intimacy of love, on a basis which forbids offspring, and can keep to such a contract, let them do it; and while I repeat that this is generally impossible, I admit that I have known cases in which it has been done with entire success. If this cannot be attempted, celibacy in such a case is in truth suffered for the Kingdom of God's sake. Insanity, in my opinion, as also incurable drunkenness, ought to be reasons for divorce. I met a case the other day in which a girl was married to a man who was known by his friends to have insane attacks, but who were anxious to marry him for certain physical reasons. The fact of his lapses into insanity was carefully concealed from his bride. Three months after marriage he was a raving lunatic, and will never be anything else. Could there be a more abominable and wicked outrage committed on a woman than this? In this case the woman was deliberately entrapped; in most cases the woman has the decision in her own hands. All good and wise women should solemnly refuse to marry the physically unfit, the immoral, or the drunken, on any plea whatever; and until women do this generally, there is little chance of any rational or lasting reform of marriage.

* * *

Two letters (*W. C.*, Bonnybridge, and *Sincerity*) touch upon the large and difficult questions of Socialism, and what they involve in individual conduct. *W. C.* asks me to admit that no man can possibly be wealthy who has not been selfish. If he were not selfish he would not be wealthy. He admits that men like the Wedgwoods used their wealth wisely, but he wants to put it out of the power of such men to use their wealth wrongly, by taking it from them altogether. I am unable to agree in any such conclusions. They are wholly destructive of all individual effort, and they also rob men of personal responsibility. So far as I know, no scheme of society has yet been devised by which men can become equal sharers of wealth. Wherever communism has been tried, it has been a dismal failure. No doubt it seems like a real and radical remedy

to say, "Take wealth from this man, and give it to another, for fear he shall misapply it." But that is to reduce society to a vast prison system, where men are not required to think, to struggle, to aspire, but only to take their equal rations from a central bureau. Would that be an advantage? On the contrary, I think it would mean the rapid demoralisation of the individual man, and the final break-up of human society. And that, I repeat, is not Christ's remedy at all. Christ teaches before all other things human responsibility—that poor and rich alike should love their neighbours and each other; and where there is love in active operation, there will be no question of how a man should act in the administration of such possessions as are his. And this is the only reply I can make to *Sincerity* also. Nothing would be gained by every one going to live in the slums. The thing is to make the slum impossible by a general spread of Christ's spirit of love for our neighbour. And may we not also profitably remember that it is not alone in the slum that Christ's doctrines need teaching? I should be inclined to say that the West-End is in much sorcer need of Christ than the East-End, and is farther from Him.

* * *

The letter of *Cicero* is but another evidence of how men may fall into a vile habit without in the least suspecting that they are doing anything wrong. For such a case there can be no feeling but that of pure pity. And while the result may be the same in its physical aspects, there is a very great moral difference between the man who is overtaken in a fault and the man who deliberately encourages a vice. Where a man has not encouraged a vice, has set himself by deliberate effort and discipline to break a habit immediately on his discovery of its true nature, there is no reason why he should feel that the ardent and pure ambitions of his youth are closed to him by reason of the conflict through which he has passed. Rather, he should "rise on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things." It will be to his infinite physical and moral advantage to turn his thoughts away from any morbid meditation on the past to preparation for a future of noble service. Let him take up the intellectual pursuits which have been dropped, the spiritual aims which have been forgotten, the hopes which have been eclipsed. Such a man should learn much from the past, and through all his life ought to be sympathetic with the tempted, and strong to help the fallen.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.—*W. K.* (Kirkcaldy) will find that at the price he names the best edition of Shakespeare is the *Globe* (Macmillan), and the best dictionary for general use is Nuttall's or Webster's.—Undoubtedly the total suppression of the drink

trade, if ever it comes, would throw many thousands out of work. The argument of prohibitionists is, however, that these men would be speedily absorbed in the increasing commerce which would arise from the sobriety of the nation. That is to say, if the one hundred and forty millions spent yearly on drink were set free, and spent on food, clothes, books, etc., there would be such a general impetus to trade that the men now engaged in the drink traffic would be readily able to find other employment (*D. A.*, Durham).—*R. S.* (*Kirkoswald*) should write to the Secretary of the Law Society, Chancery Lane, London, or apply to any local solicitor for the details he desires. The same remark applies to *R. P. B.*—*A. P.* (*Faversham*) may rely upon it that Sir Henry Parkes knows more about conditions of labour in Australia than we do. In any case very careful and exact inquiries should be made before emigration, and, if possible, a man should not cross the seas without something definite to go to.—*Ernest* had better first of all discover what sort of examinations are demanded from a candidate for the Canadian ministry, and that must of course guide him in his preparation.—*W. R. H.* can read no better books on preaching, as a practical art, than Beecher's and Spurgeon's Lectures.—*R. W.* (*Tottenham*) should join a good gymnasium. There are many such in London: one—and a very excellent one—in connection with the Y.M.C.A. at Exeter Hall.—There is now a relatively cheap edition of Mr. Ruskin's works at about five shillings a volume, particulars of which could be obtained from any bookseller. The standard work on hymnology is *Julian's Dictionary*, a work of ponderous size and vast learning, published, I believe, at something like a guinea and a half (*Sigma*).—"Thickness of speech" can only be overcome by hard practice in the art of deliberate enunciation. Try to speak slowly, and pronounce each word perfectly. Perhaps it may encourage you to remember that Demosthenes was similarly afflicted, and is said to have cured himself by the curious expedient of talking with a pebble in his mouth (*Student*).—There is no work of which I am aware on arbitration (*J. T.*).

* * *

In reply to *A. T. R.*, I can only say that the man who marries without a very definite sense of love takes a great risk. Of "falling in love," as it is called, I don't speak. That is often merely a phrase for a passing fancy or a transient heat of blood. Nor do I say that a self-respecting friendship between a man and woman who have long known one another, and have recognized each other's good qualities, may not be the basis of the happiest kind of marriage. But in nine cases out of ten the woman, at least, will crave something more than friendship in a relation so intimate as marriage. Marriage is friendship touched with passion, pure and chivalrous and tender passion, and without this added element of emotion is likely to become a poor and barren thing. I do not smile at the quandary of *A. T. R.*; on the contrary, I so far sympathise with him that I heartily wish he may soon catch the glow of honest love.—*W. P.* asks for some books of biography and history which are standard works and cheap. I would suggest Macaulay's *History and Essays*, Motley's *History of the Dutch Republic*, Gibbon, *The Life of Charles*

Kingsley, Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, and Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*. The man who has read these books with thoroughness has made himself acquainted with much that is best in biography and history. To these, of course, should be added Boswell's *Johnson*, already alluded to. It is one of the great privileges of our day that the standard books are the cheapest.

* * *

A. O. will find no book or books on *Romola*, but there are many books that throw a very helpful light upon it. Among these the chief are, Villari's *Life and Times of Savonarola*, Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Florence*, and Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo Medici*, each one of which is not merely very helpful in explaining the period in which *Romola* is cast, but is in itself a book of great charm and beauty.—*C. E. H.* is to be congratulated on his interest in Browning. The best edition is in six volumes, which, however, does not include long poems like the *New Album*, etc. *The Ring and the Book* is published by itself in four volumes at six shillings each. There is, of course, the shilling selection of the *Poems*, which is good as far as it goes; and a further selection in two volumes at three-and-sixpence each. The publishers of all Browning's works are Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.—To answer the questions of *Beta*, with any respect for their importance, would need a pamphlet. Life is short, and questions are many. Let me therefore refer *Beta* to Dr. Horton's book on *Inspiration*, and Dr. Washington Gladden's on *Who Wrote the Bible?*

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The best suggestion I can make to *English* (*Belfast*) is that in attempting to study English literature he will find it a wise thing to limit his field. The most arduous student cannot go very far in the vast realm at the rate of an hour a day; but he can fix his attention on some particular period and master that. If he intends to study Shakespeare, let him also read all that relates to Elizabethan England (Froude's History, for example), and some half-dozen of Shakespeare's contemporaries, such as Bacon and Marlowe. There is so vast a literature grown up round Shakespeare that to be a thorough Shakespeare student means scores of books and months of study. Of course it may be said that this narrows the view: yes, but it also clears it. It is better worth while in the long run to know one period thoroughly than three or four in a slovenly fashion. One might read the literature of the Queen Anne age in the same way with equal advantage, or all that relates to Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley, and the great poetry which opened the century. The point is not to read widely so much as to read well, and to make all the reading thorough, studious, and diligent.—May I remind *F. G. N.* that the least the autograph-hunter owes his victim is a stamped envelope?—There is nothing to be said to *Delta* except—persevere! God can save no one without his own efforts.—It does not appear to me that there is anything in the circumstances which *Cymro* relates to forbid marriage, or to indicate that it would be unhappy or undesirable. But what is the exact relation between the children of a great-grandfather and a grandfather who were first cousins is more than I can make out. I never was clever at conundrums.

OUR AMERICAN MAIL.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

In our May issue I referred to the increasingly large number of clergymen who cycle, and printed letters which I had received from several American ministers in relation to cycling and its benefits. Since then two up-to-date ministers have chosen the wheel as a theme for their Sunday discourse. At the Baptist Church in Willimansett, Mass., the Rev. E. S. Ufford preached from the text: "Thou causest me to ride upon the winds." The pulpit was decorated with two bicycles, and so many cyclists attended that an overflow meeting was necessary. "The Bicycle and the Church" was the subject of a prelude by the Rev. John L. Scudder, of the Tabernacle, Jersey City. He said:—

"The bicycle mania is spreading far and wide, and we rejoice in it, for wheeling is a noble sport. This craze is more than a passing fad. It is an abiding, an increasingly popular form of recreation. Women have caught the fever as well as the men, and once infected they seem incurable."

"The bicycle is a thoroughly Christian machine, for it improves the temper, discourages dissipation, makes a man look on the bright side of things, and puts vivacity into his religion. When I feel stupid, or cross, or blue, I get on my twenty-five pounder and take a lively spin. In ten minutes the world looks different. I begin to feel like an angel. I feel as if I had wings, and I act more like an angel, my wife tells me, the next day. I know from experience that a minister

CAN PREACH BETTER ON SUNDAY.

if he rides a bicycle on Saturday.

"But, unfortunately for our churches, the bicycle is becoming more popular on Sunday than any other day of the week. Its tendency is to draw young men away from the sanctuary, and, latterly, young women also. Under these circumstances, what shall be the attitude of the Church to the bicycle? Shall it be one of antagonism and denunciation, or a philosophical acceptance of the situation and sensible adjustment thereto? There is a strong temptation on the part of the clergy, I admit, to denounce the wheelmen for deserting the pew and occupying the saddle. Excoriation of absentees comes easy, but does it pay, does it tend to increase church attendance, or beget love for the sanctuary? I think not.

"In my judgment it is better to adapt ourselves to existing conditions, than to indulge in useless denunciation. If men and women will ride on Sunday, why not invite them to ride to church, and provide a place for their machines? Why not allow them to stack their wheels in the lecture-room, or build a shed for bicycles, as the country church provides a shelter for horses and carriages? People living at a distance might thus be induced to come to church, who otherwise would certainly stay away. Surely riding a bicycle to church is not a sin. It is a saintly

procedure compared with riding on horse cars and elevated railroad trains, for these forms of travel necessitate the labour of drivers, conductors, and brakemen, and prevent their attending divine service.

"I am happy to announce that in this Tabernacle arrangements have been made to look after the wheels of all those who make the bicycle a church-going machine. Our people's palace is not only teaching men and women to ride by the hundred; it is open on Sundays to receive the wheels of those who come to church. While we do not encourage Sunday riding, we cordially invite those who use wheels on Sunday to ride this way and enjoy the service of this sanctuary. The Tabernacle takes a special interest in wheelmen. I suppose the reason is that we have so many wheelmen and wheelwomen of our own—over one hundred and fifty, I believe, at present.

"There is one way in which the Sunday bicycle has benefited the Churches. It has taught us that if we expect young people to attend the sanctuary, we must make the services thoroughly interesting. The minister must have something to say, and say it in a manner calculated to keep people awake. In this age of Sunday newspapers, Sunday bicycles, and Sunday concerts, the Church will have to brighten up and keep abreast of the times, or soon the pews will be empty. This age has no use for platitudinarians in the pulpit. Sunday competition is here, whether we like it or not, and we must meet it."

SNAP-SHOTS.

The charity that begins at home is usually so discouraged it never gets any further.—*Puck*.

A man lies more about himself to himself than anybody else ever does about him.—*Boston Transcript*.

When a man makes a prediction, and it comes true, it tickles him almost to death.—*Atchison Globe*.

No one who has loved and been loved, even for one day, has a right to curse life.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

When a girl burns her hand on a curling-iron, she tells the young men she did it frying potatoes.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE AGE OF YOUNG MEN.

Chief Justice Fuller was speaking the other day of the large number of brilliant young lawyers who have appeared before the Supreme Court of late. It was formerly the rule to entrust Supreme Court cases to veterans, and until recently men under fifty years of age were very seldom seen at that bar. Younger men might prepare the briefs, but old men were called in to present them. But of late the younger generation of lawyers are arguing their own cases, and Justice Fuller thinks there are more brilliant youngsters at the bar of the United States than in any other country of the world.

TONY CRANE.